

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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TILL IT'S 7 YEARS OLD

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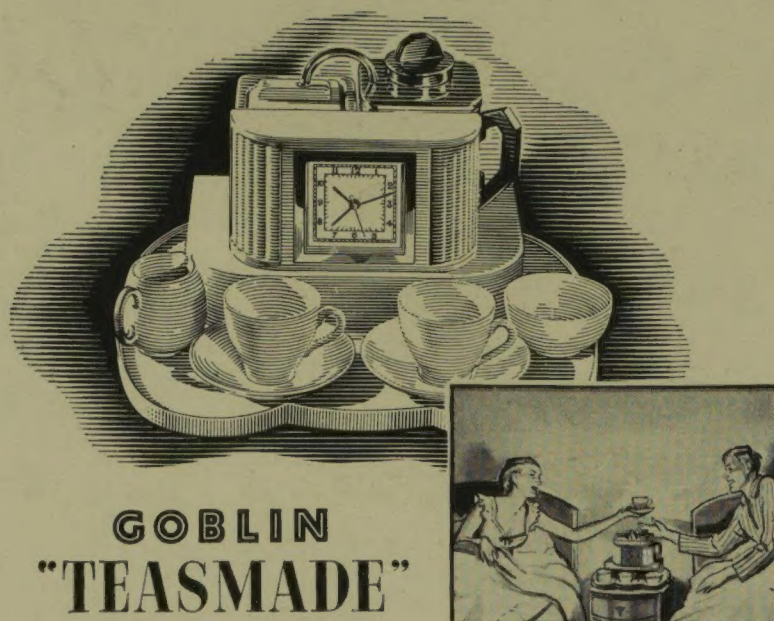
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3



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5



6

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to H.M.
King George VI



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
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to H.M.
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1950.



THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER LED IN BY HIS OWNER, MRS. L. BROTHERTON: FREEBOOTER, WITH J. POWER UP, WHICH STARTED JOINT FAVOURITE WITH ROIMOND AND WON BY 15 LENGTHS FROM WOT NO SUN.

Freebooter (Steel-point—Proud Fury), owned by Mrs. L. Brotherton, trained by R. Renton and admirably ridden by J. Power, won the Grand National by fifteen lengths from *Wot No Sun* with *Achon Major* a further ten lengths behind, after having started joint favourite with *Roimond* at 10 to 1. *Freebooter*, first favourite to win the Grand National since *Sprig's* victory in 1927, was purchased by Mrs. L. Brotherton three years ago for 3250 guineas, and, when he first came

to England from Ireland, proved somewhat disappointing. Other photographs of the Grand National, run in perfect weather, and seen by their Majesties and the Princesses, appear elsewhere in this issue. The Royal runner, *Monaveen*, owned jointly by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, finished fifth, to the disappointment of the huge crowds assembled, who had all hoped that he would be placed. The excellent visibility added greatly to the enjoyment of racegoers.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE growing public indignation about the treatment of Seretse Khama has been, I think, a good sign. It has shown that the public conscience of the British people, stunned by the terrific struggles of the past decade and deadened by the restrictions and stringencies to which they gave rise, is beginning to become operative once more. Four years ago, when the British Government pursued a much higher-handed course in the treatment of the indigenous peoples of the Sarawak Protectorate—a much larger people, inhabiting a richer and more important country than the Bamangwato tribe—its refusal to investigate or even deny graver allegations against its methods than have been made in the Seretse Khama case aroused only negligible feeling in a country which once had been almost pathologically sensitive to cases of tyrannical administration or to the bullying of helpless minorities. Under our over-organised and disciplined Party system there is a great deal to be said for a small majority in the House of Commons; it restores Parliament to its true function of being a watchdog and a forum of public opinion instead of a steam-roller for legalising and enforcing the decisions of a omnipotent bureaucracy. I hope we are going now to begin to turn our backs on a type of administration which refuses to consider either popular wishes or justice, or even facts, when once an official has reached a decision. The Seretse Khama affair has given the lover of British freedom a glimmer of real hope for the first time for years.

Whether the Government is right or wrong in supposing that a mixed marriage for an African chief is likely to be productive of dangerous social trouble I do not know. It is a subject on which it is so much easier to be philosophical in London, where racial feelings and racial intermixture are not problems which vex anyone; in half a century I have never met any Englishman who had had a mixed marriage in his or her family or was personally even afraid of one. The threat involved in the breakdown of such social taboos is about as serious here as the threat of man-eating tigers to Sunday-afternoon gardeners in Chorley Wood; the problem does not arise. In South Africa, on the other hand, it arises in a very acute form. Here the white population, with its superior civilisation and culture, is a tiny minority living in the midst of a vast and growing native population. It is acutely aware of its own position, of the necessity for preserving standards, of the immense importance in such matters of social discipline and of creating an impression. The advisability or not of opening floodgates ceases to be academic when the waters of Victoria Falls are piling up behind them. The marriage of an African chief to a white woman goes to the root of the deepest feelings and fears of millions, and we have no right to ignore those fears.

Yet, though I realise this very strongly and feel a profound sympathy for those who are the repositories and guardians of the great traditions of European blood and culture in Africa, I wonder whether the time has not come to modify some of the beliefs and standards of the past hundred years. During the nineteenth century a mixed marriage between those of different colour was regarded as something almost unclean and debasing. The children born of it were

thought of as tainted and were treated as pariahs by the pure stock of both races. Yet, though this was so in the nineteenth century, and is still partly so to-day, it was by no means always so. Some of the most interesting races in the world are the result of inter-racial and inter-colour breeding. Even as late as two or three hundred years ago nobody in this country thought there was anything abhorrent in a mixed marriage. The men who sailed with Vasco da Gama were not afraid of what our Victorian ancestors called a touch of the tar-brush; nor, apparently, were the Africans with whom they traded afraid of a spot of whitewash. The ideal of racial purity can scarcely then be said to have existed. The story of

part of the globe. Either the coloured races will rise in arms to overthrow and avenge the carefully guarded social superiority of the white races, or the latter, eschewing the destruction and folly of such a conflict in time, will recognise the equality of man under the pigmented skin and abandon its humiliating claim to any inherent superiority on such grounds. If the latter alternative is to be regarded as preferable to the former, too rigid a taboo on the ideal of mixed marriages may not any longer be very wise.

I am, of course, aware that it is not merely on a basis of colour that the superiority, or supposed superiority, of the white races rests. For historical reasons there has been, and still is, a profound difference in the culture and capacity of these different branches of the human family. But as we are avowedly doing everything within our own egalitarian Commonwealth to raise the so-called subject races to our own level of government and society, we cannot logically continue to maintain that there is anything degrading *per se* in the union of a coloured man and a white woman, or *vice versa*. The French, who are a logical race, have long recognised this; so have the Dutch. A far more compelling argument against mixed marriages are the biological factors that, whatever their ultimate, long-term results, tend at first to produce, as often as not, some loss of strength and virtue in the offspring of such marriages. The general experience of mankind seems to be that the half-caste, other things being equal, is inferior in quality to the stocks from which he was bred. This is by no means a universal rule, but, by and large, it has generally come to be accepted. Yet here, also, I think some revision of our ideas may have become necessary. For the inferiority, or alleged inferiority, of the half-caste may have been partly, even mainly, caused by the stigma attaching to mixed birth. Such a stigma is quite sufficient to explain, at least in the eyes of a psychologist, the factors making for any real inferiority. Once the stigma disappears, the inferiority may disappear too.

Such considerations are not an argument for mixed marriages, against which in the overwhelming majority of cases the natural instinct of both parties will probably operate, but merely an argument against too excessive a rigidity in applying mental conceptions of human relationships which are now becoming out of date. Out-dated mental attitudes persisted in for too long, as all history shows, can be quite as explosive and dangerous as atomic bombs. The secret of this world is not fear, it is not hatred, it is not suspicion, it is love and the trust that comes from love. We who call ourselves Christian and base our civilisation and our pride of race on the fact, ought to remember this. It was, after all, an English poet who said the last and wisest word on this subject:

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.
For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear His voice,
Saying: 'Come out from the grove, My love and care,
And round My golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

A NEW ACQUISITION FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF NEW YORK.



"THE DINTEVILLES BEFORE FRANÇOIS I, 1537, IN THE CHARACTERS OF MOSES AND AARON BEFORE PHARAOH": BY FÉLIX CHRÉTIEN (c. 1510-1579).

It was announced last week that the Metropolitan Museum of New York had acquired from Frank T. Sabin an interesting portrait group representing the Dintevilles before François I, in the characters of Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, by Félix Chrétien (c. 1510-1579), a rare French Renaissance painter, who has depicted himself in the youth pulling back the curtain. The painting has been identified as the companion picture to the National Gallery Holbein, "The Ambassadors." These two works were sold as one lot to Le Brun at the 1789 sale of the Nicholas de Beaujon collection, and eventually both came to England. Moses is a portrait of Jean de Dinteville, Seigneur de Polisy and Bailly de Troyes, whom Miss Mary Hervey in her book, "Holbein's 'Ambassadors'" (1900), identified as the man with the dagger in that painting. Aaron, who stands with his right foot on the coat of arms (inlaid on the pavement) of the eldest Dinteville brother, the Bishop of Auxerre, can be no other than this personage; and Gaucher and Guillaume de Dinteville are identified by inscriptions on their robes. The former stands between Aaron and Moses, the latter is on the extreme right, with feathered cap. The painting was sent to America by air.

Pocahontas and Captain John Smith was one of the most treasured legends of the English seventeenth century; *La Belle Sauvage* is still an honoured London name. When Shakespeare made the innocent Desdemona cleave to and marry a sooty Moor, he was not offending the susceptibilities of his audiences. He was far too shrewd a man of business and the theatre to do anything so foolish.

For there is a prerequisite to the theory of racial purity that has not always existed. It involves a feeling of race superiority on the part of one race or colour and a readiness to accept that superiority on the part of another. The immeasurable intellectual superiority and achievements of the white races and the bewildered and instinctive acceptance of it by the black races in the nineteenth century created such a prerequisite. But it seems unlikely to-day that this prerequisite will continue indefinitely, or even for very much longer; in some parts of the world, notably in India, it has already ceased to exist. Before long one of two things may well happen and in every

CAMBRIDGE CREW

THE 100TH BOAT RACE:
CREWS AND STATISTICS.

OXFORD CREW

THE RACE FROM 1829 TO 1949.

Year	Winner	Course	Time	Won by
			m. s.	
1829	Oxford	Henley	14 30	Easily.
1836	Cambridge	W. to P.	36 0	1 min.
1839	Cambridge	W. to P.	31 0	1 m. 45 s.
1840	Cambridge	W. to P.	29 30	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1841	Cambridge	W. to P.	32 30	1 m. 4 s.
1842	Oxford	W. to P.	30 45	13 secs.
1845	Cambridge	P. to M.	23 30	30 secs.
1846	Cambridge	M. to P.	21 5	2 lengths
1849	Cambridge	P. to M.	22 0	Easily
1849	Oxford	P. to M.	—	Foul
1852	Oxford	P. to M.	21 36	27 secs.
1854	Oxford	P. to M.	25 29	11 strokes
1856	Cambridge	M. to P.	25 50	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1857	Oxford	P. to M.	22 35	35 secs.
1858	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 23	22 secs.
1859	Oxford	P. to M.	24 40	Camb. sank
1860	Cambridge	P. to M.	26 5	1 length
1861	Oxford	P. to M.	23 30	48 secs.
1862	Oxford	P. to M.	24 41	30 secs.
1863	Oxford	M. to P.	23 6	43 secs.
1864	Oxford	P. to M.	21 40	26 secs.
1865	Oxford	P. to M.	21 24	4 lengths
1866	Oxford	P. to M.	25 35	15 secs.
1867	Oxford	P. to M.	22 40	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1868	Oxford	P. to M.	20 56	6 lengths
1869	Oxford	P. to M.	20 5	3 lengths
1870	Cambridge	P. to M.	22 4	$\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1871	Cambridge	P. to M.	23 5	1 length
1872	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 15	2 lengths
1873	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 35	$\frac{3}{4}$ lengths
1874	Cambridge	P. to M.	22 35	3 lengths
1875	Oxford	P. to M.	22 2	10 lengths
1876	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 20	Easily
1877	(Cambridge)	P. to M.	24 8	Dead-heat
1878	Oxford	P. to M.	22 13	10 lengths
1879	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 18	$\frac{3}{4}$ lengths
1880	Oxford	P. to M.	21 23	$\frac{3}{4}$ lengths
1881	Oxford	P. to M.	21 51	3 lengths
1882	Oxford	P. to M.	20 12	7 lengths
1883	Oxford	P. to M.	21 18	$\frac{3}{4}$ lengths
1884	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 39	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1885	Oxford	P. to M.	21 36	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1886	Cambridge	P. to M.	22 29 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1887	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 52	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1888	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 48	7 lengths
1889	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 14	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1890	Oxford	P. to M.	22 3	1 length
1891	Oxford	P. to M.	21 48	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1892	Oxford	P. to M.	19 21	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1893	Oxford	P. to M.	18 47	1 lgh 4 ft.
1894	Oxford	P. to M.	21 39	$\frac{3}{4}$ lengths
1895	Oxford	P. to M.	20 50	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1896	Oxford	P. to M.	20 1	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1897	Oxford	P. to M.	19 12	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1898	Oxford	P. to M.	22 15	Easily
1899	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 4	$\frac{3}{4}$ lengths
1900	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 47	20 lengths
1901	Oxford	P. to M.	22 31	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1902	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 9	5 lengths
1903	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 32 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 lengths
1904	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 37	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1905	Oxford	P. to M.	20 35	3 lengths
1906	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 24	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1907	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 26	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1908	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 20	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1909	Oxford	P. to M.	19 50	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1910	Oxford	P. to M.	20 14	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1911	Oxford	P. to M.	18 29	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1912	Oxford	P. to M.	22 5	6 lengths
1913	Oxford	P. to M.	20 53	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1914	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 23	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1915-19	No Contest owing to World War I.			
1920	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 11	4 lengths
1921	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 45	1 length
1922	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 21	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1923	Oxford	P. to M.	20 54	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1924	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 41	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1925	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 50	Oxford waterlogged
1926	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 25	5 lengths
1927	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 14	3 lengths
1928	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 25	10 lengths
1929	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 24	7 lengths
1930	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 9	2 lengths
1931	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 26	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1932	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 11	5 lengths
1933	Cambridge	P. to M.	20 47	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1934	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1935	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 48	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths
1936	Cambridge	P. to M.	21 6	5 lengths
1937	Oxford	P. to M.	22 39	3 lengths
1938	Oxford	P. to M.	20 30	2 lengths
1939	Cambridge	P. to M.	19 3	4 lengths
1940	Cambridge	Henley (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.)	9 28	5 lengths
1941 and 1942	No Contest owing to World War II.			
1943	Oxford	Radley (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.)	4 49	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1944	Oxford	Ely (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.)	8 6	$\frac{1}{2}$ length
1945	Cambridge	Henley (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.)	8 17	2 lengths
1946	Oxford	P. to M.	19 54	3 lengths
1947	Cambridge	P. to M.	23 1	10 lengths
1948	Cambridge	P. to M.	17 50	5 lengths
1949	Cambridge	P. to M.	18 57	$\frac{1}{2}$ length

NOTE W. to P.—Westminster to Putney.
M. to P.—Mortlake to Putney.
P. to M.—Putney to Mortlake.

(Crews as on March 24.)

CAMBRIDGE.

(Reading from top.)

H. H. ALMOND (Bow).
D. M. JENNENS (2).
A. L. MACLEOD (3).
P. M. O. MASSEY (4).
W. T. ARTHUR (5).
E. A. P. BIRCHER (6).
C. B. M. LLOYD (7).
J. L. M. CRICK (Stroke).
A. C. R. ARMSTRONG-JONES.
(Cox—Inset.)

OXFORD.

(Reading from top.)

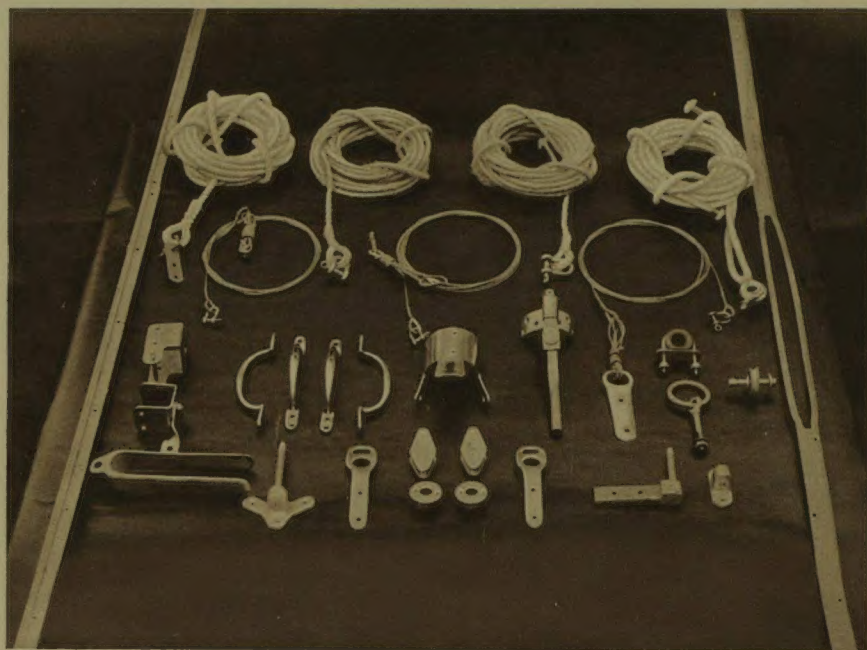
J. G. C. BLACKER (Bow).
P. GLADSTONE (2).
H. J. RENTON (3).
J. M. CLAY (4).
G. C. FISK (5).
J. HAYES (6).
D. N. CALLENDER (7).
A. J. M. CAVENAGH (Stroke).
J. E. C. HINCHLIFFE.
(Cox—Inset.)

SAILING FOR YOUNG AND OLD IN PREFABRICATED CRAFT: THE Y.W. "CADET"—A RACING BOAT IN MINIATURE.

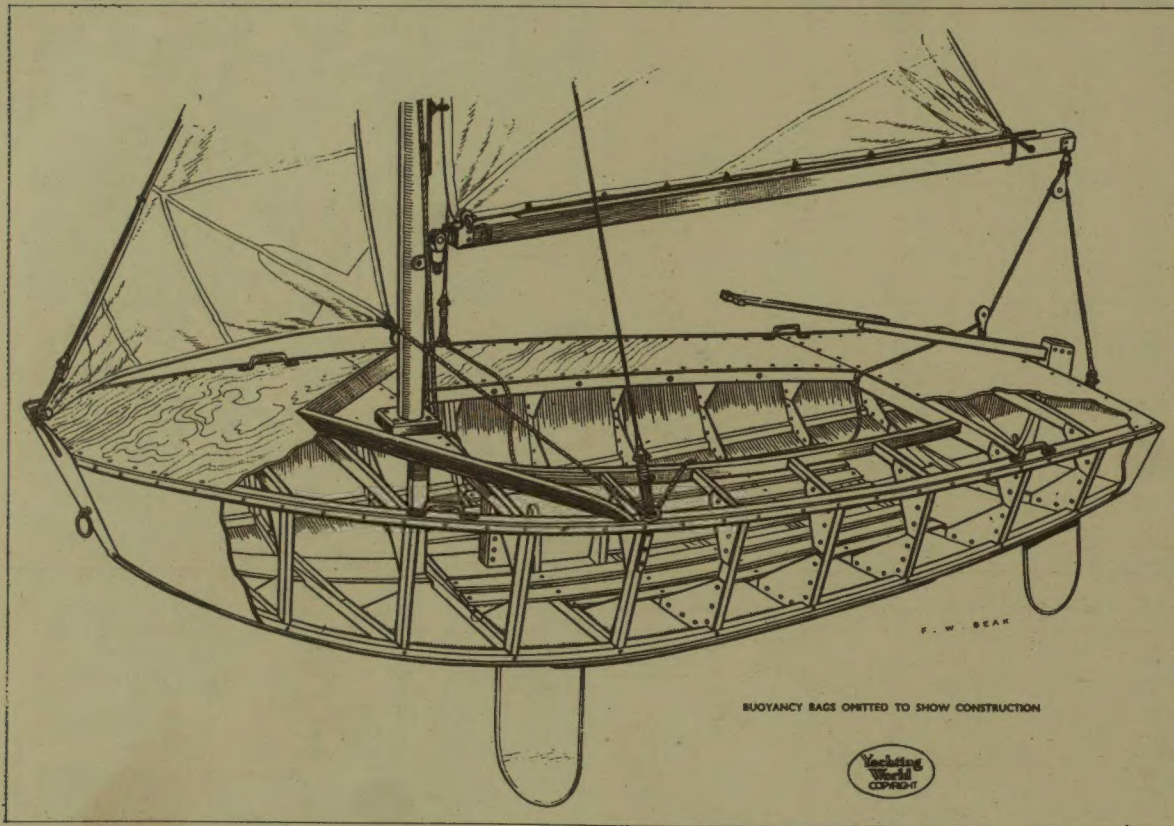
DURING the war, Group Captain E. F. Haylock, Editor of *Yachting World*, realised that the post-war prices for sailing dinghies would be so high that many young people would be debarred from taking part in the sport. He therefore worked out a specification for a dinghy which could be built at home, cheaply, and from a wide choice of timber, and commissioned Mr. Jack Holt,

(Continued below.)

(LEFT) THE "BONES" OF A PREFABRICATED SAILING DINGHY: A Y.W. *Cadet* READY FOR ASSEMBLY IN THE HOME—A TASK WHICH CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED BY AN AMATEUR IN 52 HOURS.



READY FOR THE FINAL STAGE IN THE ASSEMBLY OF A PREFABRICATED Y.W. *CADET*: COMPONENTS SUPPLIED WITH THE SET FOR RIGGING THE COMPLETED HULL.



BUOYANCY BAGS OMITTED TO SHOW CONSTRUCTION



ENSURING THE SAFETY OF THE CREW SHOULD THE DINGHY CAPSIZE: THE FORE AND AFTER DECKING OF THE Y.W. *CADET* SEEN FROM ABOVE.



THE DESIGNER OF THE Y.W. *CADET* TRIES OUT ITS PACES: MR. JACK HOLT AT THE HELM OF A PREFABRICATED SAILING DINGHY.

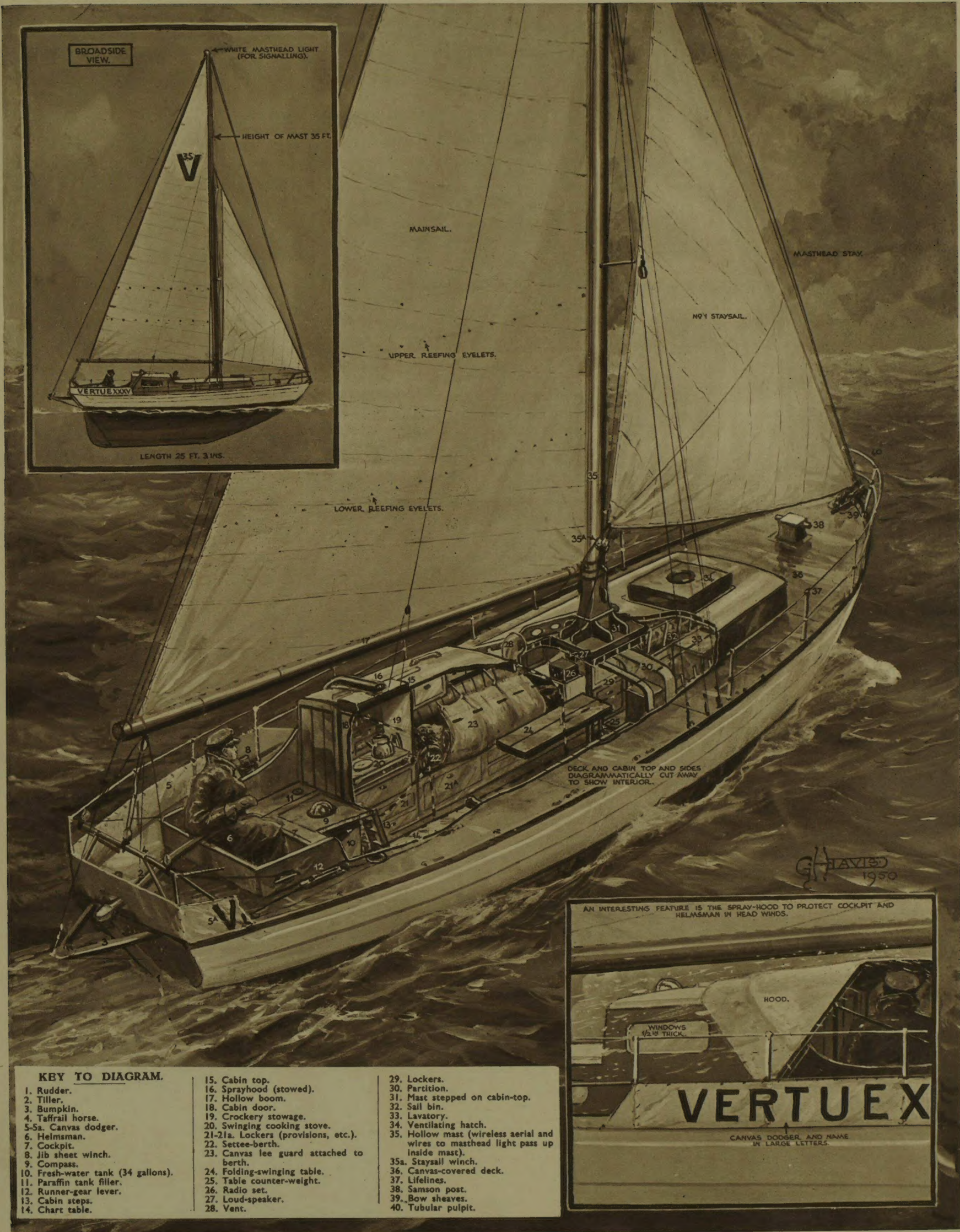
WEIGHING 150 LB. AND 10 FT. 6½ INS. IN LENGTH: A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE Y.W. *CADET*, WITH THE BUOYANCY BAGS OMITTED AND PLANKING CUT AWAY TO SHOW THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HULL. (Continued.)

a designer and dinghy sailor of great experience, to produce a design embodying his ideas. The first *Yachting World Cadet* took shape in September, 1947, and since then 750 have been registered in the Class, while there are a large number unregistered. The Bell Woodworking Co., Ltd., of Leicester, were among the first to put the building of the *Cadet* within the reach of the most inexperienced home carpenter by providing first-class sets of prefabricated parts and fittings which make the task of construction so simple that two children have assembled a *Cadet* in fifty-two hours' working time. The *Cadet* is, in all respects, an advanced racing boat in miniature, with a crew of two, and is light enough to be carried on the top of a car. It is seaworthy, and its construction makes it safe for beginners to handle.

The decking enables a *Cadet* to be capsized, righted, and sailed on in a race without taking any water on board. Built from one's own materials (with sails) the *Cadet* costs £37-£40; from prefabricated parts (with sails), £51; and complete from a builder, £65-£70. [Illustrations by Courtesy of "Yachting World."]



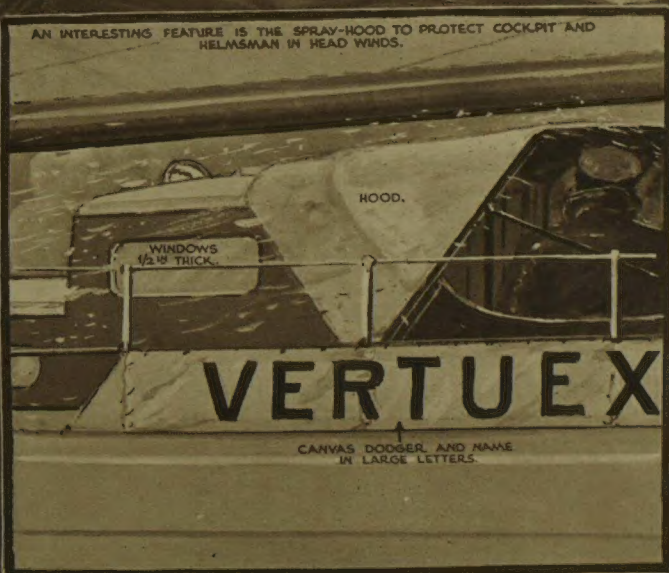
SHOWING THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE *CADET* SAILING DINGHY: THE BOAT ASSEMBLED, RIGGED, AND READY FOR THE WATER, WITH RUDDER AND CENTRE-BOARD IN POSITION.



KEY TO DIAGRAM.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. Rudder. | 15. Cabin top. | 29. Lockers. |
| 2. Tiller. | 16. Sprayhood (stowed). | 30. Partition. |
| 3. Bumpkin. | 17. Hollow boom. | 31. Mast stepped on cabin-top. |
| 4. Taffrail horse. | 18. Cabin door. | 32. Sail bin. |
| 5-5a. Canvas dodger. | 19. Crockery stowage. | 33. Lavatory. |
| 6. Helmsman. | 20. Swinging cooking stove. | 34. Ventilating hatch. |
| 7. Cockpit. | 21-21a. Lockers (provisions, etc.). | 35. Hollow mast (wireless aerial and wires to masthead light pass up inside mast). |
| 8. Jib sheet winch. | 22. Settee-berth. | 35a. Staysail winch. |
| 9. Compass. | 23. Canvas lee guard attached to berth. | 36. Canvas-covered deck. |
| 10. Fresh-water tank (34 gallons). | 24. Folding-swinging table. | 37. Lifelines. |
| 11. Paraffin tank filler. | 25. Table counter-weight. | 38. Samson post. |
| 12. Runner-gear lever. | 26. Radio set. | 39. Bow sheaves. |
| 13. Cabin steps. | 27. Loud-speaker. | 40. Tubular pulpit. |
| 14. Chart table. | 28. Vent. | |

AN INTERESTING FEATURE IS THE SPRAY-HOOD TO PROTECT COCKPIT AND HELMSMAN IN HEAD WINDS.



TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM EAST TO WEST: THE 25-FT. YACHT VERTUE XXXV. DIAGRAMMATICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

On April 7 Mr. Humphrey Barton, a well-known cruising and ocean-racing yachtsman, with one companion, plans to sail from Lymington in a 25-ft. yacht in an attempt to make the Atlantic crossing from east to west by the northern route, with the intention of demonstrating that the small, well-designed modern yacht is capable of making long passages to windward and taking what comes in the way of weather; and secondly, of introducing the *Vertue* class to the American market. The yacht, which is illustrated diagrammatically on this page, was launched on March 4 at Christchurch, and is the thirty-fifth to be built to the design of Messrs. Laurent Giles & Partners. Mr. Barton sailed the first of the series, *Andrillot* (1936) to the Bay of Biscay in 1937, and another of this class on a 1250-mile cruise in 25 days in 1938. For the Transatlantic voyage

Vertue XXXV. will carry 52 gallons of fresh water and 3 cwt. of tinned food, potatoes, vegetables and other foods stowed under the bunks and cabin floor. On going below, one is immediately struck by the additional space and ease of access to the forecabin which result from stepping the mast on the coachroof. The cabin has settee berths port and starboard upholstered in red hide, and canvas lee guards, 18 ins. deep, keep the sleeper safely in his berth under all conditions. The cabin table is of the swinging type and is unusual in that it is carried on a single steel pillar at its forward end so that there is no obstruction to leg-room. A "Universal" Minor Well Fitting compass (internally gimballed) is fitted on the centre line in the bridge deck. It is electrically lit by a dry battery from beneath. A 10-ft. oval rubber dinghy is carried stowed in the fore peak.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. LAURENT GILES & PARTNERS LTD., LYMINGTON, HANTS, THE DESIGNERS.

A SCIENTIST'S LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENT IN RETROSPECT.

"AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY": By SIR ARTHUR KEITH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH began this 700-page story of his life in 1947 when he was eighty-one. The scope, liveliness and enthusiasm of it remind me of a poem which Thomas Hardy wrote when he was about the same age. That old man was also young in spirit; he thought that some of his juniors regarded him as a pigeon-holed back-number, and asked them, in strong and beautiful stanzas, to remember that



AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR ARTHUR KEITH, 1949.

Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., M.D., F.R.C.S., LL.D. (Aberdeen, Birmingham, Leeds), D.Sc. (Durham, Manchester, Oxford), Master of the Buckston Browne Research Farm, who was born in 1866, is one of our most distinguished anthropologists, and is the author of "Concerning Man's Origin," "Darwinism and Its Critics," "A New Theory of Evolution," and many other books. Our portrait shows him at the entrance of Darwin's Sandwalk, Down House, standing by the Old Oak.

Photograph by John Miller.

history recorded many men (Origen was one of them, for Hardy, for all his agnosticism, was always haunted by the Church, its history, its faith and its monuments) who had "burned brighter towards their setting day"—a line which is a typical example of Hardy's gift of making a clumsy phrase seem right, and, indeed, inevitable. I cannot pretend to a close familiarity with all Sir Arthur's former works; they have dealt mainly with the processes of evolution as revealed by the study of anatomy. But I cannot conceive that any of them could have excelled this very substantial valediction in quality of writing or in general interest.

After a very busy and varied career as doctor and anthropologist, lecturer, author, Conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons, and President of the British Association, and Rector of Aberdeen University, Sir Arthur settled down nearly twenty years ago as Master of the Buckston Browne Research Farm, at Downe, in Kent, next door to the house where Darwin lived and wrote. Surgical research is the business of the station; but attached to the house were twenty acres of old pasture-land, and Sir Arthur's restless energy found a new outlet. His description of what happened may serve as an indication of the manner of his writing and the background against which he writes: "When the war came and all research-men had gone to the various fronts, the problem arose as to how our upland meadows could best be used to produce food. I love the smooth, green grass that carpets the chalk lands of the North Downs, and was loath to see our fields ploughed up. I asked the Council of the College [of Surgeons] to let me farm on its behalf, but found that while it accepted me as an anatomist, it was reluctant to trust me as a farmer. As my readers will presently discover, I was bred to agriculture, and so, taking the bit between my teeth, I launched out by buying a

small herd of bullocks and later a small flock of sheep. I cannot claim to have made money out of my ventures, but the country has had my little tribute of beef and mutton; and I have had certain of my interests satisfied. My livestock have taught me how small communities of bullocks and sheep organise themselves into self-contained societies, their social sense being superior to that prevailing in most human societies. . . . Besides seeing to the proper distribution of manure, I have had to wage a war on weeds—on nettles, docks and thistles of various kinds. Before I took the fields in hand these noxious things flourished unchallenged. After I had got them down, I had the pleasure of seeing sown grass and clover take their place. But two weeds got me down: buttercups still spread their golden mantles in spring, the more hardy for all my uprooting, and in the late summer the purple knapweed is as plentiful as ever, in spite of all my digging. But I have had my entertainment in the sun and in the wind, which sweeps the Downs at all seasons of the year. Then there are fences to keep in repair, hedges to prune, and rotten branches to lop off and bring home for firewood. In these frosty winter days, with coal so hard to come by, the summer logs help to keep my house and study warm. I am waiting impatiently for the snow to go and the sun of the spring to appear again, so that I may return to my vocation in the fields. And between bouts in the fields will come sittings at my typewriter—for my hand is now too shaky to hold a pen—and with each sitting I hope to add a paragraph or two to this text."

Industry has been the keynote of this life from the beginning: and from the beginning one knows that it is going to be so. Sir Arthur is a typical representative of a large number of eminent men of his generation. His father was a struggling small Scots farmer, who contrived to bring up a large family and give them a good start in the world, and even scraped enough together to send his son Arthur from the fields to Aberdeen University, the boy's dream, that of becoming a doctor. Those origins and that background are familiar in the lives of those born in mid-Victorian times, but they have seldom been so well described as they are here. Thereafter, in a life of incessant activity, the scene constantly shifts and hundreds of sharply-sketched figures pass across it. Anatomy and evolution loom large, but do not dominate the book, the author's interests being very wide, his friendships numerous, and his family life full, and unaffectedly depicted. A central point of his doctrine, which often needs emphasising to-day, is his insistence on the fundamental fact of race: "I had come to realise that human evolution had been carried on by the production of human races. I maintained that our first question must be: How did it come about that, at the dawn of history, the negro type was confined to Africa, the Mongolian to Asia, and the Caucasian to Europe and Western Asia? If, as most authorities then supposed, there had been a free intermingling of peoples from the beginning, then we should have had not distinctive continental races or types, but a more or less uniform type in all parts of the earth. We must assume, then, that evolution was carried on locally, and that it was by the production of races human evolution was brought about."

A man working in Sir Arthur's main fields is bound occasionally to be involved in controversy: there was one time when he found himself the centre of a storm. Many besides myself may remember being surprised at Sir Arthur winding up a "Symposium" about Immortality in a popular newspaper. It wasn't

so much the views he expressed as the quarter in which he expressed them: he seemed to be shouting materialism from the housetops. It now appears that Sir Arthur was surprised himself.

What happened was this. He had delivered an academic lecture in Manchester in which he stated: "Medical men can find no grounds for believing that the brain is a dual organ—a compound of spirit and substance. Every fact known to them compels the inference that mind, spirit, soul are manifestations of the living brain, just as flame is the manifest spirit of a burning candle. At the moment of extinction both flame and spirit cease to have a separate or individual existence." This led to his being asked by an American newspaper to put up a case on those lines against Sir Oliver Lodge, who was a spiritualist. He did, but did not foresee the consequences. When he was announced as contributing to the English paper's series, he was surprised, for he had made no such undertaking. What had happened (he found on inquiry) was that the English paper had bought the British rights of the American article and was producing it in a new context for the general public here. "That unfortunate paragraph in my Mond Lecture was dragging me into situations which were distasteful to me." A friend cut him dead in his Club; a meeting of physiologists gave him a very cool reception.

It is a pity that his explanation was not forthcoming at once. But, of course, nothing could cancel the opinions he had expressed and general resentment must, anyhow, have been felt by those who (apart from their convictions about the soul) cannot suppose that any good cause can be served by persuading people that it doesn't exist, and find it difficult to conceive how a man of science can suppose that believers in the soul imagine it to be a thing which could be deduced from dissection of the brain, any more than you could discover a composer by cutting up his piano.

However, Sir Arthur has led a valuable and noble



SIR ARTHUR KEITH IN HIS STUDY, 1949: A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF THE DISTINGUISHED ANTHROPOLOGIST.

In the introduction to "An Autobiography," reviewed on this page, Sir Arthur Keith writes that he began the book on a winter evening in February 1947, "In a longish narrow room which, after an occupation of fifteen years, has grown very dear to me." This photograph of him was taken at his desk in that study beside the typewriter which he uses. [Photograph by John Miller.]

Illustrations reproduced from the book "An Autobiography," by Sir Arthur Keith, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Watts and Co.

life, fortified by ethical standards inherited from forbears who had the metaphysical basis for them in which he cannot believe.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 515 of this issue.

* "An Autobiography." By Sir Arthur Keith. Illustrated. (Watts and Co.; 25s.)



IN PORT AGAIN: THE ILL-FATED SUBMARINE *TRUCULENT*, WHICH SANK AFTER BEING IN COLLISION ON JANUARY 12, BERTHED IN SHEERNESS DOCKYARD AFTER THE LIFTING AND SALVAGE OPERATIONS HAD BEEN CONCLUDED.

The submarine *Truculent*, which was sunk after a collision on January 12, with a loss of sixty-four lives, was towed into Sheerness dockyard and berthed on March 23. She had been towed four miles from the Cheney Spit sandbank, where she was beached on March 14 after raising. Several hundred dockyard workers watched in silence as she came to the dockyard entrance and then into dry-dock. On the bridge were four of her survivors, Lieutenant C. P. Bowers, who was in command of her at

the time of the collision; Lieutenant J. N. Humphrey-Baker; Lieutenant E. J. Stevenson and Engine Room Artificer L. Strickland. A White Ensign, borrowed from the salvage vessel *Barndale*, which had been standing by during the lifting operation, was flying from *Truculent's* conning-tower. On March 23, the *Truculent* Fund for dependents had reached a total of £20,046, thus exceeding the target of £20,000 eight days before the fund was due to close.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH SPEAKING AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET TO LAUNCH THE LORD MAYOR'S NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FUND :
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS EXPRESSING HER GRATITUDE FOR GIFTS SENT TO HER FROM OVERSEAS ON HER MARRIAGE.

The Lord Mayor's National Thanksgiving Fund as a way of acknowledging the £80,000,000-worth of gift food sent by the peoples of the Commonwealth and the United States to Great Britain, was launched on March 22 at a banquet at Guildhall. Our photograph shows (l. to r., high table) the Lord Chancellor, the Lady Mayoress, Mr. Attlee, Princess Elizabeth, delivering her speech, the Lord Mayor, the Duchess of Kent, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mrs. Attlee, Lord Addison, Lady Jowitt and Mr. Churchill. Princess Elizabeth said that no one in the country had better cause than she had to speak with real depth of feeling, for great quantities of food,

amounting to over 2,000,000 lb. weight, were sent to her as gifts on her marriage, and she had the happiness of distributing over 140,000 food parcels made up from them. This was only a minute proportion of the whole which had been received by the country. The fund, to which the Royal family have contributed generously, will be used primarily to develop a residential centre in London for students from the Commonwealth and the United States—a project warmly commended by Princess Elizabeth, the Prime Minister and Mr. Churchill in their speeches at Guildhall at the banquet given by the Lord Mayor.

THE STRANGE STORY OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM'S STAINED GLASS—THE REAL AND THE COPY.

A TALE OF SUBSTITUTION AND THE PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE OF THE PARTIAL RECOVERY OF THE ORIGINALS.

By JOHN H. HARVEY, F.S.A. (Architect to Winchester College and Author of "Gothic England," "Henry Yevele," etc.)

FEW English buildings retain so happily as Winchester College the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. And the heart of the College is its Chapel. Yet, in spite of its almost untouched walls and timber vault, the Chapel has suffered most grievously in the course of the centuries. It has lost the screen which once divided the ritual chapel from the ante-chapel; the canopies of its stalls; all but fragments of the fifteenth-century reredos. These were losses consequent upon the Reformation, and not singular. More fortunate than most mediæval churches, the Chapel preserved through stormy times its treasure of original glass. This was a masterwork of Thomas of Oxford, the greatest glass-painter of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries.

In "Ancient Glass in Winchester," the late J. D. Le Couteur gave a full description of the iconography and printed, from transcripts by the late Mr. Herbert Chitty, such documentary records as remain. The scheme of the glass is twofold: the great east window contains a Tree of Jesse surmounted by a Last Judgment; while in the side windows are prophets, apostles and saints. In the lowest tier of the east window are several panels of special interest: William of Wykeham, the Founder, adoring the Annunciation; King Edward III. before the Trinity; King Richard II. before St. John the Baptist (Figs. 12 and 13); and again Wykeham, this time kneeling before the Virgin and Child (Figs. 10 and 11). Beneath Jesse's head are three small figures of the building staff: the carpenter (almost certainly Hugh Herland), the mason William Wynford, and Simon Membury, clerk of the works; at Jesse's feet kneels Thomas the glass-painter himself.

Documentary evidence shows that a large quantity of glass for the windows was brought from Oxford in the summer of 1393. This, agreeing with the inclusion of a still youthful portrait of Richard II., presumably indicates the date of the east window. The side windows may be rather later, for Mr. Bernard Rackham has pointed to the occurrence in them of a "crowned H" as evidence that some at least cannot have been painted until after the accession of Henry IV. on September 30, 1399. Since each side window contains an inscription asking prayers for William of Wykeham (not for his soul), it may be presumed that all were made before his death on September 27, 1404.

That Wykeham himself regarded the glass windows as of special importance is proved by Rubric 43 of his Statutes for the College, which particularly mentions them in prohibiting the throwing of stones and balls, leaping, wrestling and disorderly games. Though entries in the accounts show that frequent repairs were carried out, the glass remained substantially intact for more than four centuries. In 1725 the Jesse Tree in the east window was the subject of a poem by one of the scholars, then aged fifteen. This was Robert Lowth, who was later to write the "Life of William of Wykeham" (1758), and after a most distinguished career died as Bishop of London in 1787. The poem is mainly of value as showing that the window was substantially complete and recognisable at the time it was written.

Less than a hundred years later, in 1821, it was decided by the Warden and Fellows to send the glass away for repair to Messrs. Betton and Evans of Shrewsbury, who undertook to "retouch the colours, and to restore the glass to its original condition." The whole of the east window was taken down and despatched in the last quarter of 1821, and in the first quarter of 1823 payment was made to the firm "for repairing the east window in the Chapel as per contract £400 os. od.", and "for taking down the window and putting it back and expenses to and from Shrewsbury £100 15s. od." The glass had been put up in November and December 1822. What was put back was not the original window, but a complete and (for its period) very faithful copy (Figs. 10 and 12). All of the original that returned was included in three small lights of the tracery.

At Winchester the Warden, Dr. George Isaac Huntingford, was jubilant over the glass "restored to its original brilliancy," and over twenty years elapsed before any writer on the College recognised the substitution that had taken place. The facts were correctly stated by Charles Winston in a paper read before the Archaeological Institute at Winchester in 1845, yet as late as 1912 the "Victoria County History of Hampshire" could still assume that "a considerable portion" of the lower figures and of the great central figure of the Virgin and Child were of old glass, so hard was it to convince local opinion of the disastrous change.

proofs of (Evans') talents, is the large east window of Winchester College Chapel, an exact facsimile of the original glass given by William of Wykeham, and celebrated by Lowth. This window by length of time had become so greatly decayed as to have been nearly opaque, and its restoration, as a specimen of the close imitation of the finest ancient painted glass, both in respect of colouring, drawing, and arrangement, has probably no rival." Ninety

The truth of the matter had long been known elsewhere: Owen and Blakeway's "History of Shrewsbury," published at London in 1825, refers to the "improvement" in the art of restoring ancient glass effected by Sir John Betton and more especially by his partner, Mr. David Evans. "The performance that exhibits the most eminent

of Winchester glass, and a little more is at Mancetter Church, Warwickshire; with the three panels at South Kensington, this seems to be all that remains from the side windows.

The fate of the east window can now be traced in greater detail. At the end of 1822 it must still have been in Betton and Evans' shops; three years later certain portions were re-used by Mr. Evelyn John Shirley at Ettington, Warwickshire. A local history, confirmed by family records, relates that the old church of Ettington was repaired by Mr. Shirley, "who in the year 1825, restored and converted the transept into a domestic chapel. The windows were at that time glazed with ancient glass, the greater part of which is believed to have originally formed part of the great 'Jesse' window formerly in the chapel of William of Wykeham's college at Winchester." Family memories, collected in 1913, slightly amplify this account. It was believed that the restorer of the chapel heard of the glass through "his friend Mr. Smith Owen who lived . . .

at Conover, near Shrewsbury," and tradition held that he "got it from the Shrewsbury window maker in exchange for a hunter." Much later in the nineteenth century his son, Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley, found that "the glass was originally leaded up in rather a muddle" and "had it taken down and re-arranged on the lawn and re-leaded."

The glass thus preserved until recently at Ettington consists of five main panels from the east window; the upper parts of three more figures from the main panels; the figures of St. John Baptist and King Richard II. (Fig. 13), with parts of their accompanying canopy and inscription; the smaller Virgin and Child from the next panel (the figure of Wykeham is missing) (Fig. 11); the upper half of the great Virgin and Child from the centre of the window (Fig. 1); figures of St. Peter and St. John the Evangelist, the head of St. Paul, and other fragments from the tracery lights (Figs. 2-9). Out of forty-one sections in the main lights, eleven are represented, and five of the twenty-three principal lights in the tracery.

This does not complete the tale of surviving portions of the original window. In 1921 six figures from the main lights, which had been at Parham in Sussex, were sold, one (Joash) to the Victoria and Albert Museum, the remaining five to an American collector. In 1937 the upper part of another figure (Ahaz) was discovered by Dr. Stanley Baker among a quantity of unrelated mediæval glass in an outhouse in Shrewsbury. A photograph of this figure appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of October 2, 1937. The figure was presented by Dr. Baker to the College, which had already purchased in 1933 a box containing some 400 fragments, previously kept in the church tower at Ettington. However welcome as tokens, these fragments would hardly have composed one panel, and were rightly kept in reserve. Finally, by the munificent generosity of Sir Kenneth Clark, the College has been placed in possession of the whole of the glass from the Ettington windows. And, to crown all, the Victoria and Albert Museum has agreed to lend the figure of Joash for incorporation with the remainder of the east window glass, and the American owner of the other five Parham panels has promised to bequeath them to the College.

Such a happy conclusion is no mere lucky chance; it follows thirty-five years of patient endeavour and research. As we have seen, it was believed as recently as 1912 that substantial portions of the east window were still original glass. But at that time extensive alterations to the Chapel were being carried out, and consideration was given to various proposals for improving the windows. Dr. M. J. Rendall, then Headmaster, opened the campaign, and it is appropriately in his honour that Sir Kenneth Clark has made his splendid gift, and that the original glass is to be restored. One result of the publicity of 1913 was that the late Mr. Herbert Chitty, then Bursar of the College, was informed of the existence of the glass at Ettington. From that time forward, Chitty never lost hope of the ultimate recovery of the lost glass.

The First World War brought all plans to a standstill, but by 1917 Chitty was able to take a further step. He had by this time obtained the co-operation of that great expert on glass, John D. Le Couteur, and at Le Couteur's suggestion arranged that Mr. Sydney Pitcher should photograph the Ettington glass. So successful were the photographs that the College immediately decided to approach Major Shirley, the then owner of Ettington, to find out if there was any chance of buying the glass back. But owing to his absence on war service it was then impossible to pursue the matter. A year later Mr. Pitcher took a series of more detailed photographs, and on this occasion learnt of the existence of the box of fragments, though fifteen years were to elapse before they became the property of the College.

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 1. NOW TO BE RESTORED TO WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL FOR WHICH IT WAS MADE AT THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY; THE UPPER PART OF THE GREAT VIRGIN AND CHILD WINDOW, WHICH FOR OVER 100 YEARS HAS BEEN IN ETTINGTON CHURCH, WARWICKSHIRE.

On this and the two following pages, Mr. John H. Harvey tells the extraordinary history of the glass which William of Wykeham ordered for the chapel of Winchester College, which he founded in the fourteenth century; the tale of its substitution at the beginning of the last century; and the long and patient recovery of much of this original glass from several sources; its restoration; and the re-erection of it in another window of its original home, which it is hoped will take place this year. The Warden and Fellows of Winchester College have appealed to Old Wykehamists for the funds needed to restore this glass and to place it once more in Winchester College Chapel.

years later this favourable verdict on the copy was endorsed by C. W. Whall, who wrote: "I consider this a most interesting window which ought on all accounts to be preserved as showing what was done spontaneously and by, so to speak, 'rule of thumb,' previous to the more scholarly and self-conscious 'Gothic revival,' and also showing (with all its limitations) how well it was done."

None the less, the exchange was deplorable, and it was in blissful ignorance that the College proceeded to send away the glass from the side windows for similar treatment. The four south windows were "repaired" in 1825-26, and those on the north side in 1827-28. In all, forty-six large figures of original glass from the side windows left Winchester. Of these, only three are known still to exist, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. These had been bought from Betton and Evans by the Vicar of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, and after a series of moves were acquired for the nation. At St. Mary's are still a few fragments

HOW TRANSLUCENCY AND COLOUR HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL'S ORIGINAL STAINED GLASS.

Continued from page 491.]

After the end of the war, Le Couteur went into the whole problem, and in 1920 submitted a report. In his view, there were grave difficulties in the way of the recovery and proper display of the glass: the very high price that would naturally be placed upon it; its poor condition; and the apparent impossibility of finding a suitable window for its reception. For the return of individual ancient panels to their positions in the east window, where they would be surrounded by clashing nineteenth-century glass, was clearly unthinkable. Le Couteur concluded on a more hopeful note: "No doubt with judicious cleaning the glass would appear much brighter and clearer than at present." But in view of the difficulties, the College decided to take no further steps at that time to recover the glass. Two years later came the new disappointment of the Parham figures, identified only after five of the six had reached America. For the time being, nothing could be done. In 1933, however, Chitty negotiated for the box of fragments at Ettington, and this he succeeded in bearing back to the College, in company with Mr. Pitcher, with whom in the intervening years he had made a survey of the College sculptures. Later came the unexpected gift of Ahaz from Dr. Stanley Baker, and soon afterwards the Second World War. When the war ended, Chitty was no longer able to conduct a campaign,

[Continued opposite.]

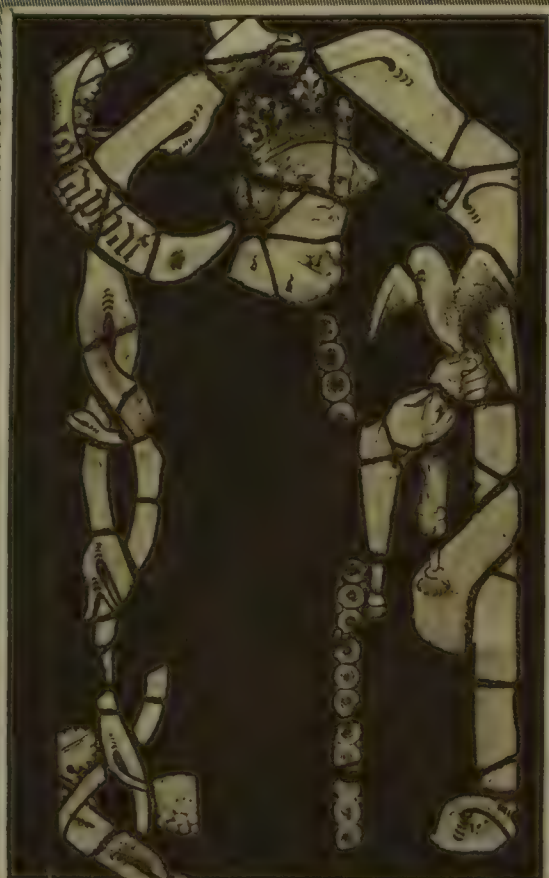


FIG. 2. ONE OF THE ORIGINAL WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL WINDOWS—THAT OF KING "JOSAPHAT"—WHICH WAS FOUND AT ETTINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE. SEE ALSO FIG. 3.



FIG. 3. AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF PART OF THE WINDOW SHOWN IN FIG. 2. NOTE THE CENTRAL BAND OF PATTERNED WHITE GLASS, ONLY SLIGHTLY AFFECTED; THE HEAVY FILM ON THE COLOURED GLASS; AND THE WHITE PATCHES OF LICHEN.



FIG. 4. A GREEN VINE LEAF, FROM THE ETTINGTON LIGHTS, FROM THE INNER SIDE. A SMALL PATCH OF THE INNER CORROSION HAS BEEN CLEANED OFF WITH ACETIC ACID ONLY. SEE FIGS. 5 AND 6.



FIG. 5. THE OUTSIDE SURFACE OF THE GREEN VINE LEAF, SHOWN IN FIG. 4. THIS IS UNTOUCHED BY THE RESTORER, AND SHOWS THE HEAVY EXTERIOR FILM.



FIG. 6. THE SAME LIGHT AS THAT SHOWN IN FIGS. 4 AND 5, FROM THE INTERIOR SIDE—BUT AFTER THE REMOVAL OF EXTERIOR FILM AND THE PARTIAL CLEANING OF THE INNER SIDE WITH ACETIC ACID.



FIG. 7. A TRIPLE LIGHT OF VINE LEAVES. THE UPPER LEFT, BEING WHITE, HAS REMAINED TRANSLUCENT. THE TWO GREEN ARE QUITE OPAQUE. THE UPPER RIGHT IS SHOWN DURING TREATMENT IN FIGS. 4 TO 6.



FIG. 8. A BROKEN VINE-LEAF LIGHT FROM ETTINGTON, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE INNER SIDE TO SHOW THE EFFECT OF THE CLEANING DISPLAYED IN FIG. 9.



FIG. 9. THE OUTER SIDE OF THE LIGHT SHOWN IN FIG. 8. (LOWER CENTRE) AN UNTOUCHED AREA; (ABOVE) A PARTLY-GROUND PART; (BELOW) A CLEANED AND POLISHED AREA.

THE REAL THING AND THE SUBSTITUTE: WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL STAINED GLASS.

Continued.

but the main task had now been done, and after some delicate negotiation the Shirley family were persuaded to part with the glass, and the arduous task of its repair and re-erection was begun. Before Herbert Chitty died, at the end of 1949, he knew that all the identified glass from the east window was in the possession of, or promised to, the College, and that approval had been given for its replacement in the windows of Thurburn's Chantry. This chantry is a side-chapel of two bays opening from the south of the main Chapel at its west end. It was built in 1473-85, and rebuilt with a completely new west window by William Butterfield in 1862-63. The present glazing of the windows is of the thinnest and poorest Victorian kind; in a report by C. W. Whall made in 1914 the windows were recommended for removal as "work of a bad modern period, and not good examples of it." The lapse of more than a generation has done nothing to soften this verdict. Furthermore, the west window is exactly large enough to take in the material now recovered, leaving the five-light south window for the five figures at present in the United States but promised to the College. When the large body of Ettington glass passed back to the College, serious doubts were felt as to the possibility of proper display. We have seen that the window was nearly opaque by 1821; most of the drapery and backgrounds are now solid black. In sharp contrast, the white glass and silver stain are in remarkably good condition. They need careful cleaning, and cracks will have to be covered with extra leads or copper wire, or in special cases by plating. This process consists of leading up the cracked original between two sheets of clear white glass cut to shape; faces can thus be displayed without disfiguring lines of leading. To restore translucency to the darkened glass only the most expert treatment could prevail, and the work was entrusted to Messrs. G. King and Son, Ltd., of Norwich. It is now in the hands of Mr. Dennis King, who has spent a year in research and experimental work, with the assistance of glass

(Continued below, centre.)



FIG. 10. THE SEATED VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM—PART OF THE PRESENT EAST WINDOW OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL, SUBSTITUTED FOR THE ORIGINAL IN 1822. SEE FIG. 11.

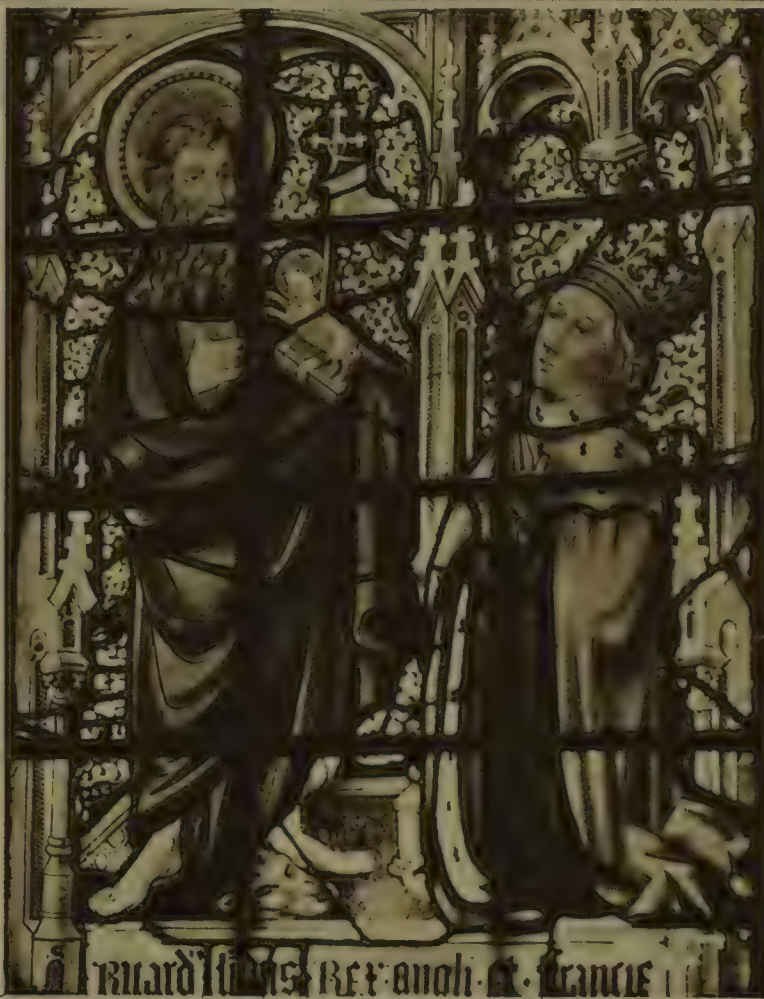


FIG. 12. THE 1822 COPY OF THE ORIGINAL GLASS, BY BETTON AND EVANS, OF SHREWSBURY—SHOWING THE YOUNG AND BEARDLESS RICHARD II. AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Continued. technologists, chemists and opticians. The quite extraordinary degree of opacity of the coloured glass has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Chemical tests indicate that some form of varnish may have been applied to the window, perhaps several centuries ago. Whether due to the darkening of varnish or to an unusual form of corrosion, the outside surface of the glass has been covered with a thin, opaque film. Fortunately, the original painting (except for very occasional shading) is exclusively on the inner face. It is therefore possible to remove the film from the outside without damage to the brushwork. The difficulty lay in finding a method both safe and practicable, and in repolishing the outer surface. For a scraped or abraded surface, besides being optically unsatisfactory, would be unduly liable to future corrosion. Experiment and research have now been crowned with success. By means of an adaptation of the machinery used in the manufacture of lenses, and devised by himself, Mr. King is now able to grind away the opaque layer with progressively finer grades of abrasives, and then to repolish the exposed surface. Successive stages in the process are shown in the photographs reproduced in Figs. 2 to 9. Research continues in the hope of finding a solvent which will reduce the smaller patches of corrosion occurring on the painted side of the glass. But even should this search prove unsuccessful, the main object has been achieved. Once the external film of complete opacity is removed, the glass which has been dead, or at least in a state of suspended animation for more than a century, lives again in beauty. It is hoped that it will be back in the Chapel by the end of this year.



FIG. 11. PART OF THE ORIGINAL FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SEATED VIRGIN AND CHILD—IN THE WINCHESTER COLLEGE CHAPEL UNTIL 1822, AND NOW BROUGHT BACK FROM ETTINGTON.



FIG. 13. THE ORIGINAL HEAD OF RICHARD II., FROM WHICH THE COPY SEEN IN FIG. 12 WAS MADE; DISCOVERED AT ETTINGTON AND TO BE RESTORED TO WINCHESTER.

AFTER struggling through a university term, continually beset by an obstinate and tiresome illness, I have taken the opportunity of the vacation to make an endeavour to recover my health by means of rest and in new surroundings. Having already expended my allowance of currency for foreign travel in the present period, I was unable to go abroad. Yet it seems to me that I have come to what is almost a foreign country without crossing water—though, indeed, I must not forget that I did cross one significant though narrow strip of water, the River Tamar. Everything in Cornwall bears, in my eyes at least, an unusual and an un-English look: the contours of the land, the very cultivation, but, most of all, the people. This is a Celtic race, far purer than the Irish, though they are even more conscious of their Celtic lineage. It is not so much the physical characteristics of these men and women—though those are strong enough—which mark them off from other English, as their manner, their poise, and their gestures. And I suspect, without being able to advance proof of my belief, that they have changed less than the folk of most of our shires, including those of their very different and markedly Saxon neighbour, Devon.

In one respect Cornwall is not proving as un-English as I had hoped. Cornish patriots and optimists—amounting to the same thing—had boasted of a climate resembling at this time of the year that of the south of France. I was not so simple as to take that encomium quite at its face value, but it raised pleasurable anticipations, none the less. Such a climate was just what I required. Alas! the further west I came, the blacker grew the skies. Now it is blowing almost a full gale; the wind is very cold; and every now and again a drenching shower starts without warning. However, there is plenty of time for an improvement, so I do not allow myself to despair. An amiably idiotic dog has attached herself to me, tries to drag me out whatever the weather may be like, and can be relied upon as a pleasant walking companion if it gets better. There appear to be plenty of good walks, though I may not be able to enjoy the most interesting, because I do not feel strong enough to venture very far.

In another way, however, and a welcome one, this proved very much a foreign land. I was tired after the journey, which is wearisome beyond Exeter. Up to that point the train bowls along pretty well, but then seems to lose all interest and potters about little stations where hardly anyone seems to get in or out. Could I have my breakfast in bed the first morning? I was told that nothing could be easier. And at nine o'clock in came a tray bearing porridge, two boiled eggs, toast and marmalade. This made me look forward with some interest to luncheon, at which meal, sure enough, there appeared Cornish cream, very different to the substitute, whisked lard or whatever it may be, which is taken for cream nowadays by the younger people of the cities because they have never tasted any other kind. I cannot explain why things should be so, whether all is in accordance with the regulations or whether the regulations do not run in these parts; but foreign lands, Norway and France, are the only ones in which I have eaten cream since 1939. If I had lived here since then I feel I should probably not find myself in my present troubles, which, despite the asseverations and statistics of the Ministry of Food, I believe to have been brought on by the diet which it enforces.

It is industry that most changes the characteristics of a district and mixes its population with outside strains. If Cornish tin had proved more flourishing or been subjected to less fierce competition, Cornwall would have altered to a far greater extent than has been the case. In some instances industrial areas are as characteristically English as agricultural, but they generally create an admixture of blood which, whatever its virtues, is displeasing to the eye. Looking at these generally thin-faced and sensitively-featured people, often with hair almost blue-black in shade, or, for that matter, the contrasting fair and ruddy-skinned Devonians, I reflect on the nondescript, mongrel countenances I see in the Edgware Road when I step into it from my Paddington backwater. It is futile to regret the developments of the past two centuries responsible for them.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ON HOLIDAY IN A STRANGE LAND.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Without large-scale industrialism, international trade, and immigration, this country would be so different from what it has become that we can scarcely paint for ourselves an imaginary picture of it in such conditions. It would be a little backwater in the modern world. Politics, social life, literature, art and science would be manifested in other forms. We should not have fulfilled our destinies.

It is, nevertheless, no crime to compare critically the advantages and disadvantages which material civilisation has brought in its train. Still less is it forbidden to hope that the characteristics of unspoiled rural areas will be permitted to survive. At present their immediate prospects are fairly good. Farming is more prosperous than it has been for a long time, and while people have strong inducements to remain in that profession, as masters or servants, there will be no further flight from the land. Smaller economic factors may bring minor changes weakening to rural communities; for instance, the replacement of the

deplorable lack of sympathy and understanding. Another danger was brought out by Lord Exeter the other day when he retired from the chairmanship of the Soke of Peterborough County Council after holding the office for forty years. He contended that large areas of local government discouraged people from coming forward to take part in it, and had the disastrous effect of remote control, because it was not possible for a chairman and members

to keep in touch with such widespread activities. There must, of course, be some large areas; the important thing is that they should not assume the functions which ought to belong to the small.

Yet another foe to the preservation of the old England is the weakening of the Church. Townspeople have got used to this in the urban areas, but few of them realise the extent to which it has taken place in the country. I could name a rural parish where the Sunday-morning congregation was over fifty strong twenty years ago, and has now dropped to a bare fifteen. I know of two churches at each of which a single family of the gentry attends each Sunday, neither having seen a solitary worshipper besides themselves for a considerable time. Archbishops and bishops speak and write about the problems of the Church—unity, missions, relations with education and science, politics, social conditions, voluntary welfare work, and the like—but, important as these may be, they fall into insignificance when set beside the moribund state of faith and worship. Wherever there

is a cinema to-day it tends to become the real temple of the local gods, the chief doctrine of which appears to be the irresistible power of "love." On the other hand, it is only fair to admit that in the country the cinema to a large extent acts as a binding agent and mitigates that itch for the city pavements which was so strong a disruptive influence a generation ago.

Yet if the old England has to contend with sapping from several quarters at once, it remains tough and tenacious, and nowhere more than in the shire from which I am writing, where rural

habits and traditions are fortified by racial. It is doubtful whether the flame of local patriotism burns brighter in any county. The Cornish man and woman one encounters outside Cornwall are deeply conscious of their origins. It seems to me, however, that in order to appreciate their essential spirit one must make contact with it in the bosom of the county. Given sufficient interest and vigilance on the part of all concerned when local interests are assailed by the unimaginative, there is every reason to hope that not Cornwall only but many other counties will be enabled to preserve aspects of the old traditions for an almost indefinite time to come. Some have almost entirely lost them through the influence of great cities, though they may have received various benefits in exchange. Here, at all events, is a danger to which Cornwall has never been subjected and is never likely to be.

We ought to maintain a sense of proportion in these matters. There are enthusiasts who allow their minds to become besotted with the conception of a "merry England" which can never be attained and in most cases never existed. They are such passionate devotees of the picturesque that they condemn and oppose every modern amenity which renders rural life more comfortable. These people are, in fact, the worst enemies of the cause which they profess to support. They sicken the country-dweller, above all, the poor man, of his life and surroundings. There remains, nevertheless, an enormous treasure in the countryside, the loss of which would leave the whole nation infinitely the poorer. Despite the threats it has to face, little need be lost, though some attrition is probably inevitable. We are probably more alive to the dangers in this respect than we used to be, and some of our grossest carelessness is unlikely to be repeated—as seen, for example, in many of the coal-mining villages of South Wales, a nightmare and a national disgrace, or in the tragic neglect of farming interests over a long period. Meanwhile, after this moralising, I am hoping to obtain from Cornwall something besides its traditions, the greatest possible progress in restoration to health, and am hoping that, as a first step along that road, it will produce some of the early spring weather of which it boasts, even if not the climate of the south of France. I can put up with something short of that.



TO HOUSE COMMONWEALTH AND UNITED STATES STUDENTS AS A MEMORIAL OF GREAT BRITAIN'S GRATITUDE FOR FOOD PARCELS FROM OVERSEAS: THE MECKLENBURGH SQUARE PROJECT, SHOWING AN ARTIST'S DRAWING OF THE DEVELOPMENTS PLANNED FOR THE FOUNDLING ESTATE, LONDON. ON THE LEFT IS THE PROPOSED £800,000 BUILDING FOR MARRIED AND WOMEN STUDENTS. ON THE RIGHT IS PART OF THE GEORGIAN TERRACE AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN IT IS RECONSTRUCTED TO ACCOMMODATE MEN STUDENTS.



TO BENEFIT UNDER THE LORD MAYOR'S NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FUND: "THE BURN" AT EDZELL, ANGUS, WHICH IS PRIMARILY INTENDED AS A HOLIDAY AND RECREATION CENTRE FOR STUDENTS FROM OVERSEAS WHO ARE STUDYING AT THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES. In a broadcast on March 21 the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Rowland, announced the opening on March 22 of a National Thanksgiving Fund as an acknowledgment to the countries of the Commonwealth and the United States of the voluntary aid sent by their peoples to Britain in the form of gift food parcels during and since the war. The fund is to be used primarily to develop a residential centre on the Foundling Estate round Mecklenburgh Square, Bloomsbury, London, for students from overseas. The residential establishment in Scotland, for which £150,000 will be allocated, is "The Burn" at Edzell, Angus. It is administered by London House (the present collegiate residence in Mecklenburgh Square for men students from the Commonwealth), and was the gift of Mr. G. H. Russell, who also partially endowed it. If the fund permits, £200,000 will be devoted to the four main Empire societies and the English-Speaking Union. Contributions to the fund may be sent to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, London, E.C.4, with the envelope marked "National Thanksgiving Fund," or may be made at any bank or Post Office in the United Kingdom.

horse by the internal-combustion engine tends to do away with little trades, such as those of the saddler and the wheelwright. They are replaced by the garage hand, who is of a much more uniform pattern, in town and country, in Cornwall and Norfolk. It cannot be pretended, however, that motor traction has greatly altered one county or the other. It is only when industrialism on a large scale, generally based on one or more minerals, steps in, or, on the other hand, when agriculture and little local industries fall into decay, that a district loses its peculiarities and becomes divorced from its history.

It is less easy to speak of the more distant prospects of the rural shires. Some form of change is unceasing, and they are only just emerging from one, the disappearance of the squirearchy, which played an important part, weakened though it had been, right up to the Second World War and, indeed, up to its end. There exist also certain disquieting tendencies on the part of bureaucracy, to favour a soulless standardisation and to disregard deep-rooted traditions. Because the area administered by one county council was considered to be too small and that of another to be too thinly populated, it was proposed to abolish both, a



THE UNITED STATES' FIRST SUBMARINE TO BE REBUILT AS AN UNDERWATER OIL TANKER: U.S.S. *GUAVINA*, OFF CALIFORNIA.

Many submarines of the large "Corsair" and "Balao" classes are being used by the United States Navy for experimental purposes on a very advanced scale. In our issue of January 7 we gave a remarkable photograph of the "Corsair"-class *Amberjack* "breaking the surface like a hooked marlin"; this being one of several in both classes which have been converted to "guppy-schnorkel." The "schnorkel" part of this word refers, of course, to the breathing device which in the Royal Navy is called the "snort" and which was much developed by the Germans during the war. The "guppy" part does not refer to the fish of that name but is developed

from the initials of Greater Underwater Propulsive Power. Others, but in the "Balao" class, have been armed with guided missiles or equipped to carry cargo; some have been adapted to carry 160 troops each; others as radar pickets; others to "guppy-schnorkel"; another for higher submerged speed; and one for electronic experiments. *Guavina* was the only one of this batch converted to an oil transport; and her test cruise was reported to be beginning on March 31. She has a displacement of 1526 tons, is 311½ ft. long, is of all-welded construction and she has a normal complement of 75.

EXPERIMENTS, INVENTIONS AND A RECORD: INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS FROM NEAR AND FAR.



(LEFT.) AN AERIAL "ROGUES' GALLERY" USED TO SCARE ROOKS FROM THEIR NESTS: A KITE TOWING A DEAD ROOK FLYING NEAR A ROOKERY AT HOOK GREEN.

Rather than use hoses to destroy the nests or shoot the birds, a farmer at Hook Green, Southfleet, Kent, is scaring the rooks away from the village rookery by flying a kite with a dead rook attached over the trees, and thus preventing them from nesting and sitting. However, this is not a final solution of the problem, as the rooks go elsewhere and may become a nuisance to other people.

(RIGHT.) PREPARING THE KITE FOR ITS ROOK-SCARING MISSION: THE FARMER'S SON ATTACHING A DEAD BIRD BEFORE SENDING IT ALOFT OVER THE ROOKERY.



SOLVING THE GARAGE PROBLEM IN GERMANY: A PORTABLE LIGHT METAL "AUTO-BOX" GARAGE DEMONSTRATED AT THE FRANKFURT SPRING FAIR RECENTLY.

A novel type of garage shown at the Frankfurt Spring Fair is being produced in quantity to help solve Germany's garage problem. The garage is of light metal, and has a self-locking device and is so constructed that it can be easily taken apart. The garage door opens automatically as the car passes over a lever in the drive.



THE FIRST BIPED FUNNEL TO BE INSTALLED IN A BRITISH MERCHANT SHIP: A VIEW ABOARD THE *NEW AUSTRALIA*.

The biped-type funnel which has been fitted to the *New Australia* at Southampton is believed to be the first of its kind to be installed in a British merchant ship. It will serve four main boilers. The vessel's other funnel is of orthodox design. The *New Australia* is being converted from the *Monarch of Bermuda*.



ABOUT TO REFUEL A B-50 SUPERFORTRESS: A B-29 FLYING TANKER; SHOWING THE REFUELLING BOOM.

With a view to extending the flight range of the B-50 Superfortress heavy bomber, the U.S. authorities have been experimenting with a new refuelling technique carried out in flight from a B-29 flying tanker. The latter flies above the B-50 and, when in position the boom operator (indicated by arrow in left-hand photograph) lowers the refuelling boom, the nozzle of which fits into a socket in the B-50 below. The wings on the boom are called "ruddevators" and govern its movement.



REFUELLING IN FLIGHT: A B-50 SUPERFORTRESS WITH THE REFUELLING BOOM IN POSITION DURING A TEST.



BELIEVED TO BE A WORLD RECORD FOR A SHARK CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE: A 2225-LB. WHITE POINTER SHARK (GREAT WHITE SHARK OR MAN-EATER) WITH ITS CAPTOR, LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES NORRIE, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA (RIGHT).



A WEDDING AMID THE RUINS OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, WHICH WAS THE FIRST TO BE HELD THERE SINCE 1940.

The Bishop of Coventry, Dr. Neville Gorton, officiated at the wedding of Miss Diana Thurston and Mr. Derek Walker, which took place in the ruins of Coventry Cathedral on March 25. The bride is the elder daughter of Captain N. T. Thurston, Secretary of Coventry Cathedral Reconstruction Fund.

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES: A COVENTRY WEDDING, AN OCEAN TERMINAL, THE ARRIVAL OF U.S. BOMBERS.



NEARING COMPLETION: THE NEW CONCRETE-AND-GLASS PASSENGER TERMINAL AT OCEAN DOCK, SOUTHAMPTON. THE CUNARDER *QUEEN MARY* CAN BE SEEN BERTHED OPPOSITE.

It is hoped that the new passenger terminal at Ocean Dock, Southampton, will be open in time to deal with the American tourists that are expected in Britain this summer. The new terminal, which is costing some three-quarters of a million pounds to build, will be one of the finest in the world.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST B-29 SUPERFORTRESSES FROM AMERICA: THE CEREMONY AT MARHAM, NORFOLK, WHICH MARKED THEIR HANDING OVER TO BRITAIN UNDER THE MILITARY ASSISTANCE PROGRAMME. AMONG THOSE WAITING TO GREET THE AIRCRAFT WAS MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR.

On March 22, the first four of the seventy B-29 Superfortress bombers which Britain is to receive from the United States under the military aid agreement arrived at the R.A.F. airfield at Marham, Norfolk, which is now occupied jointly with a unit of the 3rd Air Division, the U.S.A.F. Command, stationed

in Britain. Among those waiting to greet the aircraft were Mr. Arthur Henderson, Secretary of State for Air; General Leon W. Johnson, Commanding the U.S. 3rd Air Division; and Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd, A.O.C.-in-C. R.A.F. Bomber Command.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



EVERY rock-gardener must know—and surely admire—*Ramondia pyrenaica*, with its flat rosettes of deep green wrinkled leaves, and its round,

lemon-like flowers with their funny golden beaks. It is one of the very best of all shade-loving rock-plants.

Until 1911 I had long admired *Ramondia* for its intrinsic beauty. But in that year I saw it for the first time flowering on its native Pyrenean cliffs, and from that moment my admiration warmed to something more intimate. I had come straight from exhibiting at Chelsea Show, with all its fuss and worry, dust, chatter and glamour. After thirty-six hours by train, and then a long drive up from Luchon to the little mountain village of Oô, my companion and I ought, by rights, to have arrived dizzy and jaded. But mountain air put Chelsea on another planet, and us on top of the world. Scarcely waiting for a real wash and comb-out, we set out to explore, and came upon *Ramondia* within three minutes. On the outskirts of the village a bluff of mossy rock rose out of a stream. It was plastered with *Ramondia* in full flower. We spent a week at Oô, staying at a small farmhouse-chateau in the village. Still a farm, it had obviously been built, immensely strongly, for defence. A huge beam over the inglenook in the living-room bore the date 1000, and the house had been in the possession of the present family since that date. By day we hunted plants, guided usually by the son of the house, Joseph Manviel de Lascelle. In the matter of getting about rocks and precipices, neither goats nor chamois had anything on Joseph.

Evenings were spent round the great inglenook. Neighbours would drift in for gossip, wine and song. Joseph in music-hall song—the latest and lowest from Paris—was magnificent. On one side of the inglenook was a curtained box-bed, to which Grannie, immensely old, and her six-year-old grandchild retired early. They were an appreciative "gallery" to Joseph's performance, and croaks, cackles and squeaks of delight came from behind the curtains whenever he became particularly outrageous.

Ramondia pyrenaica was at its best during our stay, but although we must have examined acres of cliff where it was in full flower, we did not see a single white or pink variety. Oddly enough, however, a white-flowered form appeared the following year among the plants which I brought home. The finest plants that we saw, with the most beautiful display of blossom, grew upon a low cliff among trees, on the track leading up to the Val d'Esquerry. The whole face of this cliff was soaked with a seeping drip of water, which seems to suggest the sort of conditions that *Ramondia* most appreciates. In the Val d'Esquerry, known as the "Garden of the Pyrenees," we were caught by a blizzard of icy sleet, but I secured one good plant—with frozen fingers—a particularly fine form of *Ranunculus amplexicaulis*, with extra large flowers and a double row of pale rose petals. I grew that plant until about 1943, when, alas, it became a war casualty. Above Oô, just below the lake, I discovered and collected *Saxifraga primuloides* Elliott's variety, a dwarf, deep pink London Pride. This became, and still is, the best, the most popular, and the most widely-grown Alpine that I ever collected. It has beauty and "character," anyone can grow it—and most rock-gardeners do. It was pleasant, years later, to meet my little London Pride in an enthusiast's rock-garden in Patagonia.

RAMONDIA—AND FAMILY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Within rather restricted limits, *Ramondia pyrenaica* varies a good deal. There are white-flowered forms, and paler or darker pink varieties, but these have remained rare owing to the difficulty of propagating them vegetatively. One can divide them at intervals, but that is a slow, waiting game. And there is a method of striking leaf cuttings, in the way that

may be kept in shade in the open air. At first the minute, pin-head seedlings move slowly, and they are best left undisturbed until they are about the size of a shilling.

This may take a couple of years. After that they may be pricked off, or potted, and so grown on until they are big and strong enough to hold their own in the rock-garden. A tedious process, but only tedious if you watch your pan of seedlings like the proverbial kettle. Sow them, get them germinated, and then forget them—except in the matter of watering and weeding.

In the rock-garden *Ramondias* should be given full shade and a steep, almost perpendicular position among rocks. In fact, a home as near as may be to the deep cliff crevices in which they grow wild. Above all, they should have a deep root-run of soil which is rich in moisture-retaining humus; leaf-mould, or peat, or both. Although the rock-garden makes an appropriate setting for them, it is not the only place in which they may be well grown. The gardener may not have, or even want, a rock-garden. Some of the finest plants of *Ramondia* that I have ever seen in this country grew in a low stone wall supporting a raised bed, on the north side of a high garden wall. The bed itself grows dwarf rhododendrons, primulas, omphalodes, mertensias, etc., and is composed of loam, peat and sand and a great deal of sawdust, well rotted and mellowed. Into this spongy mixture they root deeply, and in the course of years have grown into magnificent, bulging tussocks which flower superbly. Even when out of flower these veterans are most attractive, with their dark, lustrous leaves and their air of well-fed enjoyment.

There are two species of *Ramondia* in addition to *R. pyrenaica*—*R. natalia*, from Serbia and Macedonia, and *R. serbica*, from the Balkan Peninsula. You may like to grow them because they are different, or rarer, and of the two *natalia* is the better. But for normal garden purposes *R. pyrenaica* is so good as to be good enough. I have grown, too, a white variety of *R. natalia*, but it was a poor thing, with only four petals.

Up to this point I have been writing rank heresy. The name *Ramondia pyrenaica* no longer exists in botanical circles, and among up-to-the-minute gardeners. The plant is now called *Ramonda myconi*. I thought it best to own up and explain my deliberate mistake—last ditch, die-hard reactionary that I am.

The *Haberleas*, close cousins of *Ramondia*, have narrower leaves, and their lavender-blue flowers, instead of being flat, are shaped more like small streptocarpus or gloxinias. *Haberlea rhodopensis*, from the Balkan Peninsula, is the smaller and perhaps the commoner of the two species that we have. *H. ferdinandi-coburgi* is a fine, hearty grower, and comes from Bulgaria. Except for size of leaf and flower, there is little to choose between these two, but the white form of *H. rhodopensis* is a very beautiful plant indeed. All these *Haberleas* may be grown under exactly the same conditions of soil and shade as the *Ramondias*.

Jankaea heldreichii, sometimes called *Haberlea heldreichii*, comes from Thessaly. It is hard to come by, and very hard to grow. Like a smaller *Haberlea*, it has silvery leaves and rather cupped *Ramondia*-like flowers of palest lavender. The best chance of success with *Jankaea* is in the Alpine house. But even there, to make it flourish, you must be a very, very clever gardener.



"ONE OF THE VERY BEST OF ALL SHADE-LOVING ROCK PLANTS": THAT PLANT WHICH ALL ROCK-GARDENERS KNOW AS *Ramondia pyrenaica*, BUT WHICH THE BOTANISTS NOW TERM *Ramonda myconi*—WITH ITS FLAT ROSETTES OF DEEP GREEN WRINKLED LEAVES, AND ITS ROUND LAVENDER-BLUE MULLET-LIKE FLOWERS WITH THEIR FUNNY GOLDEN BEAKS."

Photograph by D. F. Merrell.



A BULGARIAN COUSIN OF THE *Ramondias*: *Haberlea ferdinandi-coburgi*. OTHERWISE SIMILAR TO THE *Ramondias*, THE *Haberleas* HAVE FLOWERS OF LAVENDER-BLUE OR WHITE, BUT SHAPED LIKE STREPTOCARPUS OR GLOXINIA BLOOMS. ALTHOUGH FINE, THEY LACK THE CRYSTALLINE TEXTURE AND BRILLIANCE OF *Ramondia*.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

begonias and gloxinia are struck. But this, too, is slow, and not too easy. The plant may be raised from seed, but special forms, such as the pink, could hardly be expected to come absolutely true to type. The seed is extremely small, and should be sown very thinly in a pan or box of loam, sand, and a good deal of peat or leaf-mould. The pan should be kept in a shaded frame for the first year. After that it



ALL THE THRILLS OF SKI-JUMPING ON THE "HEIGHTS" OF HAMPSTEAD: A NORWEGIAN COMPETITOR LEAPING FROM THE RAMP DURING LONDON'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL SKI-ING CHAMPIONSHIPS WHICH ENDED ON MARCH 25.

Thousands of Londoners enjoyed unusual entertainment and thrills on March 24 and 25, when a two-day outdoor ski-jumping competition was held on Hampstead Heath. Forty-five tons of snow, costing £75 to transport, had been brought from Norway for the jumps and a special slope was built. Twenty-six members of the Oslo Ski Association competed for the London Challenge Cup, a trophy presented for the occasion by the National Sports Development Fund, which was won by Arne Hoel, a twenty-two-year-old Norwegian shopkeeper. The great superstructure of the jump, 62 ft. high at the tower, was surmounted by the flags of Norway and Britain,

and was modelled on the famous Holmenkollen jump near Oslo, with a 32 deg. slope and a length of 250 ft. Floodlighting enhanced the unusual spectacle on March 24, when a crowd of 20,000 saw the contests. The event was continued in spring sunshine on the following afternoon. Watched by a crowd of Cup-tie proportions, Oxford and Cambridge teams competed for the Universities Challenge Cup which was won by Oxford with a convincing lead. Altogether spectators paid some £7000 to watch London's first international ski-ing championships which were organised by the Central Council of Physical Recreation.

THE CAMERA IN THREE CONTINENTS: NEWS EVENTS IN EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA.



THE SHAH OF IRAN IN KARACHI: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY INSPECTING THE PAKISTAN WOMEN'S NATIONAL GUARD AT MALIR CANTONMENT DURING HIS STATE VISIT.
The Shah of Persia arrived in Karachi on March 1 for a sixteen-day State visit which included many official functions and trips to East Bengal, to the Punjab and Baluchistan, and to the North-West Frontier. The Shah's visit followed the signing of the treaty of friendship between Persia and Pakistan and underlined the cordiality of their relations. No talks of any political or military alliance between Persia and Pakistan took place during the Shah's visit.



MILITARY CHARM: THE BAND OF THE PAKISTAN WOMEN'S NATIONAL GUARD AT THE PARADE AT MALIR CANTONMENT, AT WHICH THE SHAH OF IRAN TOOK THE SALUTE DURING HIS STATE VISIT LAST MONTH. THE SHAH RECEIVED A GREAT WELCOME THROUGHOUT PAKISTAN.



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (RIGHT) MAKING A PRESENTATION TO MRS. E. WOOD, OWNER AND RIDER OF LEADING LIGHT AT THE GYMKHANA MEETING AT ELDORET, KENYA, ON MARCH 18. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER CAN BE SEEN ON THE EXTREME LEFT.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (CENTRE) CHATTING TO OFFICIALS OF THE GYMKHANA RACE CLUB, ELDORET, DURING THEIR RECENT HOLIDAY IN KENYA.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester left England on March 11 for Kenya, where they were to take part in ceremonies connected with the raising of Nairobi to the status of a city. They arrived in Nairobi on March 14 and after spending the night as guests of the Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell, and Lady Mitchell, at Government House, went up-country the next day to spend a fortnight's private holiday with Lord Francis Scott, the Duchess's uncle, and other friends. We show above two photographs of one of the more public occasions of this holiday, when they visited the Gymkhana Meeting at Eldoret.



DISSEMBARKING FROM THE DANISH SHIP SELANDIA AT SINGAPORE: PRINCESS SIRIKIT KITIYAKARA, FIANCÉE OF THE KING OF SIAM.
King Phumipol Aduldet, the twenty-two-year-old King of Siam, and his seventeen-year-old fiancée, Princess Sirikit Kitiyakara, arrived at Singapore on March 20 on their way home from Switzerland. They are to be married in Bangkok on April 28 a few days before the King's coronation which is planned for May 5.



THE COMMANDER OF THE LAND FORCES OF WESTERN UNION, GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY (CENTRE FOREGROUND) TALKING TO BRITISH RIFLEMEN DURING THE COURSE OF A RECENT VISIT TO B.A.O.R.
The incident we show took place near Hamelin, in the British Zone of Germany, during the recent tour of the British Army of the Rhine made by General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny. General de Tassigny, who is the Commander-in-Chief of the Land Forces of Western Union, was accompanied on his tour by Lieut-General Sir C. F. Keightley, Commander-in-Chief, B.A.O.R. The tour was a brief one and concluded on March 23 when General de Tassigny returned to the French Zone.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS
OF THE WEEK.PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE,
AND OCCASIONS OF NOTE.

**PROFESSOR
HAROLD J. LASKI.**
Died on March 24, aged fifty-six. He had been Professor of Political Science in the University of London since 1926 and was one of the leading political theorists of the Labour Party. Since 1936 he had been a member of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party and was chairman in 1945-46. In 1946 he figured in a widely-discussed political libel action.

**MR. HARTLEY
WITHERS.**

Died on March 21, aged eighty-two. He was one of the most eminent financial journalists of his day and was at one time a contributor to *The Illustrated London News*. He was City Editor of *The Times*, 1905-10, and *Morning Post*, 1910-11; and Editor of the *Economist*, 1916-21. He wrote a number of notable works on economics and finance, including "The Meaning of Money."



**HER MAJESTY AS A FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS,
WITH (LEFT) SIR CECIL WAKELY, THE PRESIDENT.**

On March 20 the Queen went to the Royal College of Surgeons to be admitted an Honorary Fellow in a ceremony which was the first of those marking the 150th anniversary of the first Royal Charter—which was granted in March, 1800, by George III. She was welcomed by the President, Sir Cecil Wakely, and in her speech after her admission, she referred to her own family's debt of gratitude to the skill of surgeons.

**LIEUT.-GENERAL
SIR HAROLD BRIGGS.**
Appointed to the civil position of Director of Operations under the Malaya Federation Government. Lieut.-General Sir Harold Briggs, who is fifty-five, and retired from the Army in 1948, will be Supreme Commander of the anti-bandit operations in Malaya and will co-ordinate and generally direct the security forces. The last command he held was that of G.O.C.-in-C., Burma.

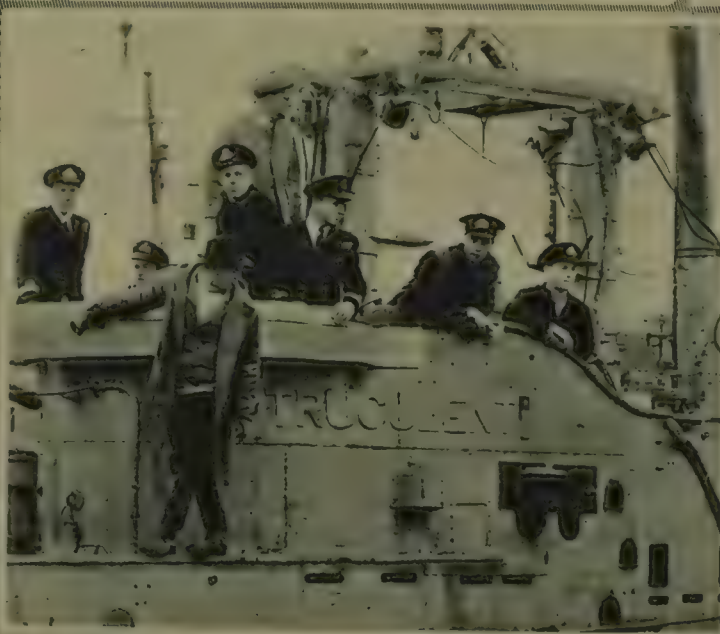


SIR GLADWYN JEBB.
Designated as Permanent Representative of the United Kingdom to the United Nations in succession to Sir Alexander Cadogan, who will retire soon. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, who will be fifty this month, has been closely associated with the United Nations since its beginnings. Since 1946 he has been U.N. Adviser to the Secretary of State; he has been a Deputy Under-Secretary since 1949.



**WELCOMED BY QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCESSES:
PRINCE BERNHARD ON HIS RETURN TO HOLLAND.**

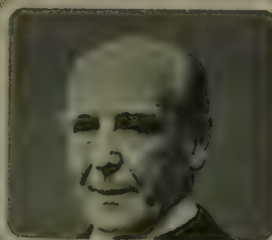
Prince Bernhard returned to Holland on March 19 after his two-and-a-half-months goodwill tour of the Americas. He was welcomed at the airport by Queen Juliana and the Princesses Margriet (left), Irene (centre), Beatrix and Marijke (in front); and received thanks from the Prime Minister for his services to the Netherlands on the tour.



**IN THE CONNING TOWER AS TRUCULENT REACHED DRY-DOCK AT SHEERNESS:
LIEUTENANT C. P. BOWERS, WHO WAS HER COMMANDER (LEFT), WITH LIEUTENANT J. N. HUMPHREY-BAKER (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND LIEUTENANT J. E. STEVENSON (SECOND FROM RIGHT).**
The submarine *Truculent*, in which sixty-four men lost their lives, was brought to the surface on March 14, sixty-one days after she had been sunk in a collision with a Swedish vessel. A photograph of *Truculent* in dry-dock appears on page 499.



**DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO NORWAY: FIELD
MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN.**
Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Chairman of the Western Union Commanders-in-Chief Committee, arrived in Oslo on March 12 on an unofficial visit as guest of the Norwegian Knights of the Round Table. He received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Olav from King Haakon, attended winter manoeuvres, inspected troops and discussed defence matters.



**SEÑOR DON GONZALO
ZALDUMBIDE.**
The newly-appointed Ecuadorean Ambassador to Britain who presented his credentials to the King on March 23. He is sixty-three and is one of the senior Ecuadorean diplomats. He was Minister in London twenty-five years ago, and has served in Rio, Peru and Paris, among other places.



MR. JUSTICE PARKER.
Appointed a Justice of the High Court of Justice in the King's Bench Division, where he succeeds the late Mr. Justice Lewis. He is fifty and was called to the Bar in 1924. He has been Junior Common Law Counsel to the Treasury since 1945.



**THE FIRST BRITISH PILOT TO COMPLETE 300 CROSSINGS
OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC: CAPTAIN L. V. MESSENGER.**
Captain L. V. Messenger, O.B.E., of B.O.A.C., became the first British pilot to complete 300 crossings of the North Atlantic when he landed at London Airport from New York recently. Aged forty-six, Captain Messenger has flown nearly 3,000,000 air miles since he qualified as a pilot in 1932. His son is also a B.O.A.C. pilot.



**THE FIRST INDONESIAN AMBASSADOR AND THE REVIVAL OF AN OLD CUSTOM: DR. SUBANDRIO
ABOUT TO ENTER THE ROYAL LANDAU WHICH TOOK HIM TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**
On March 23 a custom which had lapsed during the war was revived, and horse-drawn landaus from the Royal mews, with liveried footmen, were sent to carry to Buckingham Palace two Ambassadors who were presenting their letters of credence to the King. The Ambassadors in question were Señor Don Gonzalo Zaldumbide, the Ambassador of Ecuador; and Dr. Subandrio, who is the first Indonesian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Dr. Subandrio is here seen leaving Wilton Crescent.



FREEBOOTER, THE WINNER (5), AND MONAVEEN (16) LEAD OVER BECHER'S BROOK THE FIRST TIME ROUND: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GRAND NATIONAL, WITH ROIMOND (2) NEAREST THE CAMERA.

This year's Grand National was run under ideal conditions. The going was perfect, and the weather sunny and clear, while the presence of the Royal family and the fact that *Monaveen*, the runner jointly owned by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, ran an excellent race, and, at one time, looked as if he would be

placed, added to the enjoyment of the huge crowds at Aintree. There were forty-nine runners, who got away to a good start, but, after the first fence had been taken at a rattling speed, only forty-three were left. *Monaveen*, *Wot No Sun*, *Aethon Major* and *Gallery* took the lead, *Monaveen* well in the picture till he

made a bad mistake at the fence before the Chair. Grantham did well to keep his seat, but the Royal colours were never going so well after. At the open ditch, *Freebooter*, the winner, made a blunder, but J. Power, his jockey, was not unseated, though he lost several lengths. *Freebooter* won by fifteen lengths from

Wot No Sun, with *Aethon Major* third. The four other horses to finish the course were *Monaveen*, *Rowland Roy*, *Ship's Bell* and *Inchmore*. *Freebooter* is a nine-year-old. He carried 11 st. 11 lb., and has never been beaten at Aintree. He had previously won the Grand Selton and Champion Steeplechases.

AINTREE HAZARDS AND DISASTERS: THRILLS OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.



CASUALTIES OF THE FIRST FENCE: THE JOCKEYS OF *RUSSIAN HERO*, *TOMMY TRADDLES*, *ZARTER*, *COTTAGE WELCOME*, *COMERAGH* AND *SKOURAS* GETTING UP AFTER THEIR MOUNTS FELL.



PART OF THE TOLL OF THE FIRST FENCE: THREE OF THE SIX HORSES WHICH CAME DOWN WHEN THE FIELD OF FORTY-NINE RUNNERS TOOK THE INITIAL OBSTACLE AT A GREAT PACE. THE CASUALTIES INCLUDED *RUSSIAN HERO*, LAST YEAR'S WINNER.



AN ALARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF *TOMMY TRADDLES*' FALL AT THE FIRST FENCE: AS IS USUAL IN THE GRAND NATIONAL, LOOSE HORSES CAUSED SOME TROUBLE.



THE WINNER TAKING THE LAST FENCE: *FREEBOOTER*, WITH J. POWER UP. HE WON FROM *WOT NO SUN* BY FIFTEEN LENGTHS WITH *ACTION MAJOR* THIRD.



PASSING THE POST: *FREEBOOTER*, A WORTHY WINNER AND THE FIRST FAVOURITE TO WIN THE GRAND NATIONAL SINCE *SPRIG*'S VICTORY IN 1927.



MONAVEEN OVER THE FIRST FENCE: THE RUNNER OWNED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH MADE ONE BAD MISTAKE WHICH PUT HIM OUT OF THE RUNNING FOR A PLACE.

Although this year the Grand National was won by *Freebooter*, who started joint favourite with *Roimond*, the uncertainties of the race are illustrated by the fact that the first four horses in the 1949 Grand National all failed to get even half-way round in this year's event. *Russian Hero*, last year's winner, fell at the first fence; *Roimond*, the second, at the fence after Becher's Brook first time round; *Royal Mount* (who unfortunately had to be destroyed in consequence) at the fence after



A BAD BLUNDER BY *FREEBOOTER*: THE WINNER NEARLY UNSEATED J. POWER, WHO MADE A BRILLIANT RECOVERY, ALTHOUGH HE LOST A LENGTH OR TWO.

Valentine's when he brought down *Cromwell*, last year's fourth. *Monaveen*, owned by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, was going well when he blundered, and though A. Grantham was not unseated, the mistake was costly. At the Chait, *Freebooter* made an error, but J. Power regained his seat and succeeded in overhauling *Cloncarrig* coming to the two fences before the racecourse. A thrilling finish seemed in prospect, but *Cloncarrig* fell at the twenty-ninth fence.



ROYALTY IN THE SADDLING RING AT AINTREE BEFORE THE GRAND NATIONAL WAS RUN: PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT), THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH (RIGHT).



THE QUEEN WITH LORD MILDMAI, WHO RODE CROMWELL, A. GRANTHAM, MONAVEEN'S JOCKEY (RIGHT) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT (EXTREME RIGHT).



THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE TOP OF THE STAND AT THE FIRST ROYAL GRAND NATIONAL SINCE 1937: THE QUEEN, THE KING, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, POINTING OUT SOMETHING, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT (L. TO R.).



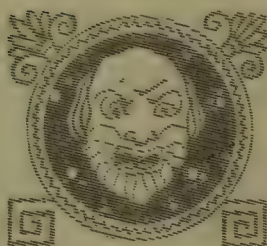
A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION: THE QUEEN, THE KING AND PRINCESS MARGARET WATCHING THE FINISH THROUGH THEIR RACE-GLASSES, WHILE PRINCESS ELIZABETH STOOPS TO PICK UP A DROPPED RACE-CARD.



DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE COURSE BEFORE LUNCH THE KING AND QUEEN TAKING A CLOSE LOOK AT ONE OF THE JUMPS.

The presence of the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent, the glorious sunshine and the excellent sport enjoyed at this year's Grand National—the first Royal Grand National since 1937, when the King and Queen saw *Royal Mail* win—combined to make the occasion a memorable day at Aintree. The Royal party, who had travelled from London by night in the Royal train, inspected the course before lunch and arrived for the race just after 2.15 p.m.

They received a tumultuous welcome from the crowd and were met at the main entrance by the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sefton, Sir William Bass, Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Lord Peel, the Lord Lieutenant. They watched the race from the top of the stand and saw *Monaveen*, the horse owned jointly by the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, finish the course, coming in fifth, and then saw Lord Mildmay, whose horse, *Cromwell*, had fallen at the eleventh fence, come slowly in.



The World of the Cinema.

THAT ENGLISH CHANNEL.

By ALAN DENT.

WHAT is it the French have that we have not, especially in this matter of making light-hearted films? Consider the latest British comedy, "The Happiest Days of Your Life," if it had been directed by, for example, M. René Clair in a French studio—or, come to that, in an English studio! There would have been a lightness in the levity, a sparkle in the mischief, and a gaiety in the music that are all to seek in the levity, mischief and music of this Launder and Gilliat production. Music? In point of fact, I can remember none in this film, and the "credits" have no mention of any musical composer. Whereas M. Clair would have woven music into its farcical essence as he so wittily did in the unforgettable "Le Million" innumerable years

ago. And I hold it to be true—pace certain unmusical film-critics—that music is as essential to farce in a talking film as it was essential in the old silent days, when a little orchestra would discourse Offenbach in towns, or an energetic and enterprising piano chortle circus tunes in village halls and elementary picture-theatres.



"A SPORTS MISTRESS WHOSE EVERY REMARK IS MADE WITH AN ARCH LUNGE OF HER WHOLE GANGLING BODY": MISS GOSSAGE (JOYCE GRENFELL), IN A SCENE FROM "THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE," SAYS THAT SHE CANNOT KEEP THE LACROSSE GIRLS HIDDEN ANY LONGER.

ago. And I hold it to be true—pace certain unmusical film-critics—that music is as essential to farce in a talking film as it was essential in the old silent days, when a little orchestra would discourse Offenbach in towns, or an energetic and enterprising piano chortle circus tunes in village halls and elementary picture-theatres.

Levity and mischief? Well, everybody who saw John Dighton's play knows that this tale of how a girls' school was accidentally quartered on a boys' school was told wittily enough to make it run for more than a year. Opportunities for precocious indelicacy abounded in such a subject, but these have been avoided almost as well in the film as in the play. The film's directors, too, have been very wise to insist on retaining Miss Margaret Rutherford as the quartered schoolmistress. This is a striding Penthesilea, a snorting figurehead, majestic in authority, superb in reproach. Note the sirocco of scorn with which she turns on a terrified under-mistress whom she has asked to sound the gong in the hall of the boys' school in order to announce the approach of these Amazons. The under-mistress, taking courage in both hands, has let the gong be heard unmistakably. But the headmistress of St. Swithin's checks this over-assertiveness with a glare and the withering pronouncement: "I said a tap—you're not introducing a film!" (Does one have to make the tedious explanatory point here that it is a strong man with a hammer and two powerful strokes of a gong who announces each and all of Mr. J. Arthur Rank's films? If so, readers well cognisant of that fact may like to know that that strong man they see so often and whose figure is in everybody's eyes is none other than the celebrated Bombardier Billy Wells, whose name was once on everybody's tongue.)

It is a blessing, too, that Mr. Alastair Sim has been prevailed upon to play the Headmaster of Nutbourne, who has to yield the best rooms of his school to the invaders and his own room to their leader. Mr. Sim has of late years considerably increased the astonishing range of his expressiveness. He can even out-glare—or very nearly—Miss Rutherford; one has to add "very nearly" in strict attachment to

the truth, for the Gorgon must be allowed to win in the end through sheer process of "staring out."

He is a master of the arrested smile—the broad smile of pure if rather ghoulish delight—suddenly arrested and maintained statically for seconds on end by some inner twinge of dubiety, or suspicion, or misgiving, or second-thought. Mr. Sim, in short, is now a complete comedian with a style all his own. And he knows beyond question how to play a headmaster—having one attitude to the boys (who obviously fear, like and don't respect him) and another to the masters in the Common Room (who obviously don't fear, don't dislike, and rather respect him).

The duelling of these two Heads keeps "The Happiest Days of Your Life" deliciously tolerable.

There is some good incidental work, too, by Richard Wattis as a Maths. Master with an incisive tongue and a style as dry as a glass of Tio Pepe, and by the inimitable Joyce Grenfell as a Sports Mistress called Miss Gossage, whose every remark is made with an arch lunge of her whole gangling body. But there is not nearly enough of these two subsidiaries, and the other subsidiaries are far too numerous to signify or even to be identifiable by name. The true and desirable spirit of levity and mischief gets lost in this film's earnest endeavour

to be funniest of all at its climax. This is an outrageous piece of farce in which the Head and Headmistress try, by concerted management and a carefully prepared time-table, to prevent (a) a visiting board of governors from perceiving that



"A SNORTING FIGUREHEAD, MAJESTIC IN AUTHORITY, SUPERB IN REPROACH": MARGARET RUTHERFORD AS THE HEADMISTRESS IN "THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE" FIGHTS TO RETAIN THE HEADMASTER'S TELEPHONE WHICH MR. POND (ALASTAIR SIM) IS TRYING TO WRENCH FROM HER GRASP.

This week Mr. Dent deals in his article with a new British film, "The Happiest Days of Your Life" (British Lion Film Corporation Ltd.), which, as a play, had a long run in London. A film, with Margaret Rutherford, Alastair Sim and Joyce Grenfell appearing in it, cannot be other than "deliciously tolerable," but Mr. Dent sums up his impressions by saying: "The film is lumpy like a bad pudding, instead of light like a good soufflé."

girls have been quartered upon this boys' school, and (b) a visiting cluster of girls' parents from losing their assumption that it is another girls' school to which their daughters have been sent by order of the Resettlement Branch of the Ministry of Education. This protracted business has its moments of joy—largely due to the inventiveness in "business" of Mr. Sim and Miss Rutherford. The latter, for example, has a wonderfully insincere chortle of pleasure when a young Sports Master's locker opens of its own accord to expose a cluster of "pin-up girls" behind its door, and she must be spontaneous with explanation of how some "old girls" of the school have "made good" on the lighter stage and in the lighter films.

But the climax as a whole is clumsy, and the



"A COMPLETE COMEDIAN WITH A STYLE ALL HIS OWN": ALASTAIR SIM, AS THE HEADMASTER OF NUTBOURNE IN "THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE," IS IN DESPAIR AT THE CONSTANT INTERRUPTIONS TO HIS ENGLISH LESSON, AND WHEN AN IRON BEDSTEAD IS MOVED UPSTAIRS HE DECIDES TO GIVE UP.

film has not been "cut" with Mr. Launder's usual telling economy. The film is lumpy like a bad pudding, instead of light like a good soufflé. But, of course, there is such a thing as a good, honest pudding. In case my reader should consider that I am falling into the old critical error of disapproving of an English film because it is not a French one, let me explain that it is the lumpiness of the pudding I find unpalatable, and not the fact that it is a pudding.

But it is a pleasure, all the same, to turn—without setting up any comparisons—to a very good French film which I very nearly missed. This is "Les Amants de Vérone," which I caught up with at the comfortable little Continentale, in the Tottenham Court Road. Let Londoners, or those visiting or passing through London, note that it is always as well to see what is "on" at the Continentale if they want to find some famous foreign film which they may easily have missed. The same advice applies—in the matter of English and American films—to the Tatler Theatre, in the Charing Cross Road.

This lovely and strange film has a script by Jacques Prévert. It oscillates between freakish comedy and high tragedy in a way which invites disaster and never receives it. It tells a moving tale of how a film of "Romeo and Juliet" came to be made in Venice and Verona, and of how the two "stand-ins" for the film's Romeo and the film's Juliet came to re-enact the original tragedy of the star-crossed lovers in their own lives. He is a humble glass-blower by profession, and she is an amateur actress of no great pretensions. (She is played by the exquisite Anouk.) The glass-blower is much teased by his workmates about his new profession. The girl lives in an exceedingly eccentric household dominated by a charlatan (Louis Salou) surrounded with fake heirlooms which he pretends to be unwilling to sell. All this part of the film has a bizarre potency. The film-set scenes are highly amusing, too. But it is the real-life Romeo-and-Juliet story which gives this film its distinction. The hapless romance is worked out against the authentic Italian backgrounds, and the photography here, for long scenes on end, will enchant all who have ever visited, and therefore have loved, Italy, and will ravish all who still keep that major pleasure in life in store.

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TESTING A HORSE'S REACTIONS TO A FILM: CRUSADER, AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BAY FROM A LIVERPOOL RIDING CLUB, SEEN IN A LIVERPOOL CINEMA WATCHING A FILM ABOUT HORSE-RACING.

TESTING HORSE SENSE: AN EX-POLICE HORSE VISITS A LIVERPOOL CINEMA TO "WATCH" A RACING FILM.

A MANAGER of a Liverpool cinema who had always wanted to watch a horse's reaction to a film, particularly a film about horses, recently arranged for an eight-year-old bay from a Liverpool Riding Club to watch a film show in his cinema. According to reports from observers, *Crusader* seemed quite excited by the horse-race and listened to the music attentively. In the opinion of experts, however, it is much more likely that the horse's attention was attracted by the movement of the film and that, in fact, he probably could not distinguish horses or figures as such. Horses normally have a well-marked sense of sight, though it is often impaired through bad management, by their being kept in dark stables. It has been stated on more than one occasion that a horse cannot see very far, but people who have actually handled horses for any length of time disagree; they say they have proved that normally a horse has long sight—often far better than human beings.

JUST A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE: CRUSADER, A 16½-HANDS BAY, WHO WAS ONCE A POLICE HORSE, APPEARS TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE FILM FROM HIS POSITION IN THE FRONT "STALLS."





AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR AGAINST THE COMMUNISTS IN INDO-CHINA: A MORTAR-SHELL EXPLOSION DEMOLISHES A BAMBOO HUT WHICH HAD BEEN AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE POST.



THE CENTRE OF COMMUNIST RIOTS, TOUCHED OFF BY THE VISIT OF TWO U.S. DESTROYERS: THE BURNING MARKET IN THE CENTRE OF SAIGON, FIRED BY COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATORS.



IN MUCH OF THE COUNTRY IN INDO-CHINA, ELEPHANTS ARE FAR MORE USE THAN TANKS; AND HERE VIETNAMESE TROOPS, USING THE TRANSPORT OF HANNIBAL, MOVE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST FORCES OF THE CHI-MINH.

Our pictures on this page illustrate two aspects of the continued struggle which is going on in Indo-China between the Communist forces of Ho Chi-minh and the forces of Viet-nam, the French-created Government of Bao Dai. In the first place, there is the incessant fluid warfare in the jungle and in country whose nature makes modern mechanised warfare an impossibility and where guerilla methods and hand-to-hand fighting are the means of a ruthless struggle. There is also the aspect of that favourite Communist tactic, the planned riot. Such a one broke out in Saigon on March 19. The occasion for the riot was the visit to Saigon of two 2400-ton

ANTI-U.S. COMMUNIST RIOTING IN SAIGON, AND ANCIENT METHODS IN A MODERN WAR.



IN INDO-CHINA THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY MAKES MODERN WARFARE DIFFICULT; AND SUCH "LANDING CRAFT INFANTRY" AS THESE ARE TYPICAL.



PART OF THE GUTTED SAIGON MARKET CENTRE AFTER THE COMMUNIST RIOTS IN WHICH ABOUT 80 PERSONS WERE INJURED AND THREE KILLED.



ANCHORED AT SAIGON, WHERE THEIR ARRIVAL WAS THE SIGNAL FOR VIOLENT COMMUNIST RIOTS: THE U.S. DESTROYERS STICKELL (FOREGROUND) AND RICHARD B. ANDERSON (BEHIND).

U.S. destroyers of the "Gearing" class, *Stickell* and *Richard B. Anderson*; and the demonstration is regarded as part of a campaign of "direct action" by the Communists against U.S. military aid to the French-sponsored Government of Bao Dai. Early in the morning some thousands of students and workers, carrying Viet-Minh flags, attempted to march to the quay where the two destroyers were moored. When held up by police, they turned back to the centre of the city, fighting broke out and the rioters seized the market square and barricaded themselves in. The riot was eventually dispersed by French troops firing overhead and using tear-gas.

THE IDEAL WEAPON FOR A BRITISH ANTI-BANDIT MONTH: A DEVICE WHICH MARKS THE CRIMINAL.



LYING IN WAIT BEHIND A TREE: THE "BAG-SNATCHER" SEES A LIKELY VICTIM APPROACHING ALONG AN UNFREQUENTED PATH IN A PARK AND PREPARES TO ATTACK.



THE ATTACK: UNTRAINED IN SELF-DEFENCE, THE GIRL FINDS HER SCREAMS FOR HELP ARE CUT OFF BY A THROTTLING HOLD AND THROWS HER HANDBAG AWAY.

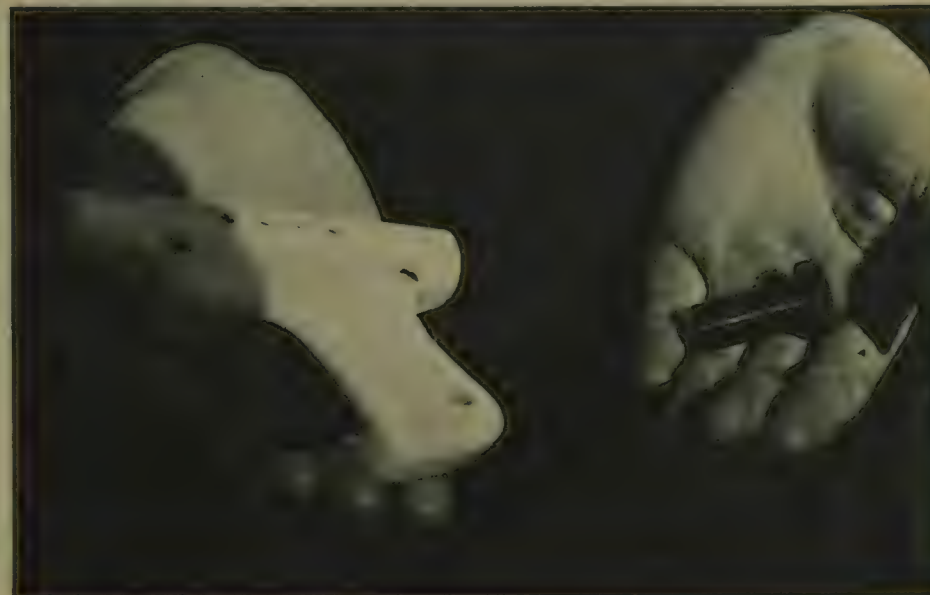


TURNING THE TABLES: WITH HER FREE HAND THE GIRL TAKES A "PISTOL" OF SPECIAL TYPE FROM HER POCKET AND FIRES IT AT THE "BAG-SNATCHER'S" FACE.

DENMARK, like Britain, has been experiencing a wave of petty crime, accompanied by violence, and a Danish inventor has devised a special type of "pistol" which has been approved by the Danish Ministry of Justice. This weapon is practically harmless, for it does not wound or kill the person at whom it is fired but merely makes him helpless for a short time. A cartridge is inserted in the barrel of the "pistol" which, when the trigger is pulled, emits a blue dye that can not be washed off for two weeks or so. This liquid contains a strong solution of tear-gas capable of blinding one's assailant for about twenty minutes. By means of the "pistol," the prospective victim is able not only to get the better of the criminal but also to mark him so plainly that he can readily be identified by the police. The photographs on this page illustrate how the "pistol" is used in a type of attack which is becoming disturbingly widespread in this country. It is, of course, possible that such a weapon could be used by the criminal to blind his victim before robbing him and also that it might be used by nervous persons when approached quite innocently. In the latter case, the old advice would still be the best: "If you want to know the time, ask a policeman"!



BLINDED BY TEAR-GAS AND WITH HIS FACE STAINED WITH BLUE DYE: THE "BAG-SNATCHER" STANDS HELPLESS WHILE THE GIRL FETCHES THE POLICE.



THE ANTI-BANDIT "PISTOL" AND ITS CARTRIDGE: A DANISH DEVICE WHICH MIGHT BE OF USE DURING BRITAIN'S PRESENT OUTBREAK OF VIOLENT CRIME.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A TALE OF TWO BEARS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THERE is very little information to be obtained on polar bear cubs in the wild, for very obvious reasons. Polar bears inhabit the inaccessible regions; the females go into close seclusion prior to the birth of their cubs; and, it is clear from what little we know of their ways, the proud mother—for the polar bear seems to be as proud, and as jealous, as any human mother—brooks no interference with and little approach to her offspring. Cubs have been born in zoos, however, and have been successfully reared on occasion, particularly in the Leningrad Zoo. Detailed information on these even is, however, scanty, and it was not until the publication last year* of the detailed story of the upbringing of *Snow White*, a cub reared in the Prague Zoo, that a coherent account was made available.

The story of *Snow White*, so far as this country is concerned, began with the showing of a film, at a meeting of Fellows of the Zoological Society of London, depicting incidents in the behaviour of the cub as it grew up. Later, I was fortunate in getting a summarised account from Dr. Vlasák, the superintendent of the Prague Zoo, which was published in *The Illustrated London News* of September 13, 1947. Subsequently, Dr. Vlasák, and his son-in-law Dr. Seget, furnished the typescript and numerous photographs that eventually appeared in book-form.

It was while editing the typescript for this book—and surely no more attractive story of a pet exists—that I hoped some day to see the experiment repeated under other circumstances, with again a detailed account, with which the story of *Snow White* could be compared. *Snow White* was taken from her mother immediately she was born, was fed with a bottle on cow's milk, and lived the first three months of her life in Dr. Vlasák's flat, with nothing but human companionship. It was, therefore, a matter for speculation how far the traits she exhibited were the result of an unnatural environment. Again and again through her story one senses a similarity with the behaviour, almost the personality, of the human child. There were, in the first place, what may be called for convenience the feeding idiosyncrasies.

of *Snow White* that I sought an interview with Head Keeper Bruce Smith, at the London Zoo, to see, if possible, how *Brumas* compared with *Snow White*. Mr. Bruce Smith had read the story of Dr. Vlasák's pet and, having spent many hours attending to and watching his own charge, he had formed the opinion that in general terms the trend of behaviour was similar in the two. He had, however, noticed no feeding idiosyncrasies, except that *Brumas* was most contented, apparently, when being held to the breast



BROUGHT UP WITH A BOXER BITCH AS FOSTER-MOTHER: *Pole Star*, A POLAR BEAR CUB BORN ON NOVEMBER 23, 1947, AT THE PRAGUE ZOO.

This cub did not like the company of human beings and was especially intolerant of children. According to Dr. Vlasák it was "not so endearing, sociable and full of confiding ways" as the hand-reared *Snow White*. Its inseparable companion and playmate was its foster-sister, a Boxer puppy, with which it is seen in the photograph, and its personality had much of the dog in it.

in its mother's arms, in the normal human style. This may explain a great deal. *Snow White's* world, for all the devotion bestowed on her by Mrs. Vlasák, must have seemed a somewhat barren world, with no soft maternal coat to snuggle into. Furthermore, we may be sure that a mother bear has her own ways of showing affection which no human foster-parent could hope to imitate. We may suspect, also, that the natural mother responds suitably to the small cries and gestures of her offspring in a way that no mother of an unrelated species, however kindly and well-

intentioned, could be expected to respond. In a blind, unreasoning way, no doubt *Snow White* must have been often exasperated at Mrs. Vlasák's inadequate and faulty responses. In other words, the question must arise whether that particular little bear's marked idiosyncrasies and tantrums may not have been the result of a concatenation of minor, unobserved and unintended frustrations. Was it perhaps the absence of appropriate cossetting, for talk as learnedly as we may about the adaptability of the living organism and a host of other topics, in practice there is more than a suspicion that the welfare of the young depends to an unreasonable degree upon the correct display of affection. The "mother's tender care" is probably a specific thing, irreproachable by a foster-parent—particularly when the foster-parent is an "alien"—and of major importance in the early formative days.

Or is it that a natural mother has her own ways of curbing idiosyncrasies and checking tantrums? Does *Brumas's* mother train her wholly by example, and does *Brumas* assimilate the correct ursine etiquette by sheer imitation? Or is it a mixture of force of example by the parent, force of imitation by the offspring, with perhaps a few sly digs or cuffs in the way of chastisement? Or is the need for chastisement of the young a purely human product, begotten partly of our unnatural environment, partly of the need to accelerate the learning of a social code by the young? So one could go on posing questions and finding either no answers or only hypothetical, and therefore wholly unsatisfactory, answers.

It is, perhaps, too much to expect that we should be able to make any sort of useful comparison between a bear cub living with its mother as a close companion, in a den or on the Mappin Terrace, and one that has

been reared by hand in a furnished flat with human beings as the only companions. Certainly no detailed comparison can be made until the story of *Brumas* is fully written up. Quite apart from anything else there is the question of companionship. *Brumas* had the natural companionship of its mother; *Snow White* had the devoted care of humans who, while they might play with it, could not do so in any sense as a bear-mother would. It is, one feels, highly significant that *Snow White* soon developed a fondness for polished furniture and would lie down beside a surface that showed her own reflection. At risk of appearing over-sentimental, there is a poignancy in this, for it seems to suggest an utter loneliness, in spite of being surrounded by kindness, the utter loneliness of being separated from one's own kith and kin. We know enough of the behaviour of animals now to appreciate that this loneliness is very subtle, yet far-reaching in its effects. Even lowly animals, microscopic Protozoa, grow less well when isolated from their fellows. Two goldfish flourish better in an aquarium than one. In the lower animals the reason is almost certainly physico-chemical purely, but as we ascend the animal scale it becomes predominantly psychological.

Brumas has yet another advantage over *Snow White*. Presumably as a result of natural feeding, she is ahead in growth. In weight, length and girth she has had the advantage all along of *Snow White* at comparable ages. This is no more than should be expected in a cub naturally fed on its mother's milk and one fed by bottle with milk derived from another species of animal, reinforced with products derived from other sources, as near the natural as possible, yet obviously substitutes. Of course, evidence derived from the study of two individuals only cannot be conclusive, for animals vary as much as human beings, in birth size, growth rates, temperament and personality. Nevertheless, it is still highly probable that a profitable comparison between the two can ultimately be made. *Snow White*, as a result of her domesticated environment had, according to Dr. Vlasák, an individuality "unlike that of any other young animal. Perhaps it came nearest, and that in a very limited sense, to a kitten."



"*Snow White* SOON DEVELOPED A FONDNESS FOR POLISHED FURNITURE AND WOULD LIE DOWN BESIDE A SURFACE THAT SHOWED HER OWN REFLECTION": *Snow White*, A POLAR BEAR CUB BORN ON DECEMBER 20, 1942, AND BROUGHT UP ENTIRELY IN HUMAN SURROUNDINGS.

The cub was taken from its mother at birth, housed in the flat of the superintendent of the Prague Zoo and fed by bottle. Its personality and behaviour, in the words of its foster-parents, was in many ways "just like a child." One noticeable habit was her fondness for the polished surfaces of furniture. Perhaps she thought she saw another little bear that might be induced to play.

The trick she had, for example, of insisting on being in a certain position, or performing a particular action, whilst being fed; and refusing to feed if not allowed to adopt this position or perform this action. Then, as soon as her nurse had got used to these, taking on an entirely different attitude and performing a different action; and again refusing to feed if thwarted.

Another similarity with the behaviour of a human infant is suggested in the tantrums into which *Snow White* would fly for no apparent reason. Sometimes, of course, the cause of the tantrum was apparent, arising from the need for curtailing her movements in order to protect the furniture in the flat.

It was in the hope of obtaining the answers to some of the questions raised in my mind by the story



PLAYING WITH HER MOTHER, *Ivy*, BY WHOM SHE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY BROUGHT UP: *Brumas*, A POLAR BEAR CUB, BORN IN THE LONDON ZOO ON NOVEMBER 27, 1949. It is to be expected that *Brumas*, although tame in a limited sense, and approachable by her keepers who are known to her, will be a bear in personality and behaviour all her life, having been tended and educated by her natural mother in her early, formative days.

Perhaps the following stories offer the best contrast between the behaviour of *Snow White* and that of *Brumas*. "The bathtub had now become one of *Snow White's* favourite places of entertainment, and whenever the mood took her she would go there and jump into the bath. This happened once when the bathroom and bath were already occupied by somebody staying at the flat. After a brief hesitation the visitor decided that she had a prior claim, vacated the bath and contented himself with the wash-basin." She had never been taught to fear human beings; rather the reverse. In *Brumas's* case it is different. I was privileged to see her through bars at a few feet distance. Her mother immediately drew her lips back in a snarl, and *Brumas*, sheltering between her mother's massive forelegs, looking charmingly inoffensive and in every sense a "cuddly" pet, drew her lips back in a babyish imitation of a snarl. At that moment the little bear presented an attractive picture—but it was being brought up to follow the ways of its ancestors.

* "Snow White: The Story of a Polar Bear Cub." By Vlasák and Seget. (William Hodge and Co.; 22s. 6d.)



A LITTLE POLAR BEAR THAT HAS BECOME THE PRIMA DONNA OF THE LONDON ZOO: BRUMAS SEEN AT PLAY WITH HER MOTHER, IVY, AND, AIDED BY HER, TAKING HER FIRST BATH.

Since *Brumas*, the polar bear cub, made her first public debut at the London Zoo, in February, she has proved to be one of the Zoo's greatest attractions. Until recently *Brumas* appeared to be a small bundle of animated white fur, but now she is growing fast and has become too much of an armful for her keepers, who can no longer handle her, because of her strength and sharp claws. *Brumas* spends most of the day in the Polar Bears' Den, under the watchful eye and restraining paws of *Ivy*, her mother. Both bears seem quite indifferent to the large crowds that gather

round the den laughing and applauding *Brumas's* engaging antics. So many visitors wanted to see the young polar bear that workmen had to widen the viewing sections. On March 22 the pool in the enclosure was filled for the first time since *Brumas* was born and, encouraged and helped by *Ivy*, the little bear took her first bath. In "The World of Science" article on the opposite page, Dr. Maurice Burton discusses the differences in the behaviour of *Snow White*, the polar bear cub brought up by humans, and *Brumas*, who is being brought up by her natural mother.



WHEN a thing is described, as it often is described, as being "in the Chinese taste," we know perfectly well that it is nothing of the sort. What is meant by this convenient if inaccurate term is how the English, or the French, or the Germans, or the Dutch, with their very hazy notions of what the Chinese were like, and yet vaguer ideas of how they thought, imagined the Chinese would decorate such and such a thing—and the result was as often as not entirely delightful and entirely European. Innumerable examples will occur to every reader of this page; indeed, many will have a chair or some pieces of porcelain of this sort in their own houses, and if they possess nothing of the kind, there is always the Pagoda at Kew Gardens, which enchants me to-day just as it did in my extreme youth, though I am well aware that I have to thank Sir William Chambers for it and not the Emperor of China.

At the moment I have in my mind's eye that delicious set of Beauvais tapestries, after designs by François Boucher, known as "*La Tenture Chinoise*," which the Earl of Rosebery lent to the recent exhibition of French Landscapes at Burlington House. These are ingenious, amusing, exquisite, very, very French, and wholly Boucher—that superb decorator telling a fairy-story and dressing it up in his eighteenth-century version of Chinese conventions. They were hung in the Central Hall. They vary in size from 10 ft. 5 in. by 7 ft. 5 in. to 10 ft. 5 in. by 13 ft. 10 in., and there are five of them—Hunting, The Toilette, Dancing, The Chinese Banquet and Fishing. According to the Mentmore Catalogue, the Government of Louis XVI. intended to send them as a present to the Emperor of Siam, but the Revolution put a stop to the embassy. They were sold to an unknown person, and remained rolled up after his death until they were purchased by Baron Meyer de Rothschild long afterwards.

It is to these and similar masterpieces of their kind—mostly dating from about the middle of the eighteenth century—that one's memory turns immediately as soon as one begins to think about the impact of Chinese importations upon European design—and then one remembers not just half-a-dozen famous pieces, but literally hundreds which show that Far Eastern models were before the eyes of innumerable craftsmen not merely during a decade or so, but throughout several generations. Probably, as far as furniture is concerned, the most obvious imitations are those chests which were made as passable copies of the red or black lacquer chests which came into England from the East during the last half of the seventeenth century—those brilliant, romantic cabinets which the fashionable world of the period placed so incongruously upon elaborately carved and gilt or silvered stands. And who is not reasonably familiar with Chinese Chippendale which, at its best, is an extraordinarily able and discreet translation of Chinese idiom into the sober English



FIG. 2. WITH A TOP RAIL WHICH HINTS AT THE TYPICAL PAGODA ROOF: A CHINESE CHIPPENDALE CHAIR. Chinese Chippendale, of which this mahogany chair is an example, is, in the opinion of Frank Davis, at its best an extraordinarily able and discreet translation of Chinese idiom into the sober English tongue.

tongue? Anyway, that is how I see it. (Fig. 2.) Mahogany, of course, with the top rail carved to hint at the typical Chinese roof, and something like Chinese brackets supporting the front legs. Who in his senses would make a top rail which hinted at the roof-line of, say, St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey? Nobody, of course; yet this very discreet indication of a pagoda is agreeable enough, partly because it really is discreet, and partly because, to our eyes, there is something gay and exotic about it. Given



FIG. 1. A GERMAN NOTION OF THE FAR-ESTERN FAIRYLAND: PIECES OF A MEISSEN PORCELAIN TRAVELLING TEA-SERVICE PAINTED BY J. G. HEROLD, AND DATED 1723-24.

The teapot with mask spout, hexagonal baluster tea-caddy and cover, and pear-shaped coffee-pot with domed lid are three pieces of a rare early Meissen travelling tea-service decorated by J. G. Herold with figures and landscapes representing the German notion of the far-eastern fairyland.

the convention, this is really a very sensible chair, and far removed from some absurd designs in eighteenth-century pattern books, which are very silly indeed. This was the brief mode of about 1760 or so. Going back, we find craftsmen haunted by the same distant fairyland in 1715, or thereabouts, as the tapestry panel of Fig. 3 shows well enough. Soho work this, and a fine, exotic mixture of Chinese scenes, with gorgeous parrots and flowering trees—indeed, more Indian than Chinese, but that meant little to the makers, who were as vague about geography as about life and manners. Japan, China, Malacca and the Coromandel coast were all one to them.

Finally—or, rather, all I have room for—there is the most sincere of all forms of flattery, the myriad imitations of Chinese Porcelain, from the nearly exact copies of blue and white in Dutch Delftware to the Worcester pieces in the style of Japanese or of Chinese bowls or dishes. An early Meissen travelling tea-service (Fig. 1) provides a rare and characteristic example of the German point of view before the fashion changed about 1730 and purely European scenes were used for decoration. This set is by J. G. Herold—a genuinely original porcelain painter, if a trifle heavy-handed compared with some of his successors—and is dated about 1723-24, as the mark KPM in blue shows. (This mark was advertised in the *Leipziger Postzeitung* for April 7, 1723, specifically for use on teapots and sugar-boxes.) The figures and landscapes are as near to Far Eastern types as eighteenth-century Chinese figures of Europeans are to their models. Neither is a deliberate caricature, but to each nation the other is outlandish and amusing. Three pieces of the set are illustrated—

teapot with mask spout, hexagonal baluster tea-caddy and cover, and pear-shaped coffee-pot with domed lid. The other pieces are slop-basin, sugar-box and lid, and six cups and saucers—the whole in their original velvet-lined leather case. To modern eyes a slightly jarring note is struck by the silver-gilt mounts on teapot, coffee-pot and sugar-box. The dominant colours are iron-red and gilt,

with the characteristic white, hard paste which was one of the great achievements of Meissen, as a background. Once one is accustomed to the convention and can think oneself back into the social life of the period, it is not difficult to imagine the pride of those early pioneers of the craft as this set drew near to completion, and the pleasure which so princely a gift must have given to its original owner.

It has been well said on many occasions, and by many people, that it was no hardship for the courtiers of Louis XIV. to sacrifice their silver and silver-gilt tableware during the most chronic of that extravagant monarch's financial crises in 1700 and to substitute for it the fine earthenware of Rouen. In France the industry had reached the stage when a gradual substitution would have been inevitable—with the discovery of the secret of true porcelain in Saxony and with every principality eager to acquire both prestige and cash by the establishment of a porcelain manufactory of its own, the foundations were laid for the modern industry, which has brought incalculable benefits within the reach of everyone. We take tableware as so much a matter of course that it is difficult to imagine a world in which wooden platters or pewter were the normal everyday things, instead of rare and interesting by-gones. All of us

in Western Europe went our own way eventually in the matter of decoration, and the amateur will find endless entertainment in finding out for himself just how and when the various factories adopted Chinese conventions to their own ideas.



FIG. 3. A FINE EXOTIC MIXTURE OF CHINESE AND INDIAN SCENES: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SOHO TAPESTRY.

"Soho work, this," writes Frank Davis, "and a fine, exotic mixture of Chinese scenes, with gorgeous parrots and flowering trees—indeed, more Indian than Chinese, but that meant little to the makers, who were as vague about geography as about life and manners. Japan, China, Malacca and the Coromandel coast were all one to them."

Illustrations by Courtesy of Sotheby's.



MATERIAL FOR A "SEA-MONSTER" LEGEND: THE DECAYED REMAINS OF A STRANGE ANIMAL FOUND ON THE BEACH AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE KENAI PENINSULA, ALASKA.



SUGGESTING A LONE SURVIVOR OF THE GREAT AGE OF REPTILES: THE HEAD OF AN ALASKAN "SEA-MONSTER"; SHOWING THE OPEN JAWS AND FEROCIOUS TEETH.

A STRAGGLER FROM THE AGE OF GREAT REPTILES? AN ALASKAN "SEA-MONSTER."

From time to time reports are published of the discovery of the remains of a "sea-monster"; to be followed later by the identification of the animal as a whale, oarfish, giant squid or other marine creature well known to the scientific world. In our issue of January 21 this year we published photographs of a "sea-monster" washed ashore at Suez which proved to be the body of a large whale (probably a Sei whale) in an advanced stage of decomposition, and on March 6 a newspaper published an account of the finding of a "hairy, four-tailed, toothless . . . and apparently headless" animal washed ashore at Delake, Oregon. The latter horrifying creature proved to be a badly-damaged giant squid. How, then, do these reports arise? Our readers can find

the answer in the photographs on this page. Faced with the decayed and damaged carcass of a large marine animal, its obvious identifiable features destroyed or changed by the pounding of the sea and the corruption of death, how many would be baffled and seek refuge in the realms of fancy rather than in the world of cold scientific fact? The fearsome creature shown here was found lying on a lonely beach in Alaska by Mr. Don Knudsen and was photographed by him before the sea washed away the remains. It measured over 18 ft. in length, and a tooth, extracted from the jaw-bone, measured 4½ ins. long. These photographs have enabled the "sea-monster" to be identified as a Pacific Killer Whale (*Orcinus rectipinna*).

Photographs by Don C. Knudsen.

THE CENTENARY OF A GREAT ENGLISH POET: WORDSWORTH AND HIS BELOVED LAKE DISTRICT.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: THE HOUSE AT COCKERMOUTH, CUMBERLAND, WHERE THE POET WAS BORN ON APRIL 7, 1770, AND NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST.



WHERE WORDSWORTH LIVED AND WORKED FROM 1799 TO 1808, WHEN HE MOVED TO ALLAN BANK, A HOUSE UNDER SILVERHOWE, ON THE WAY TO EASEDALE: DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.



"RYDAL MOUNT, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. WORDSWORTH, FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING": A REPRODUCTION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 27, 1850, SHOWING THE HOUSE WHERE THE POET LIVED FROM 1813 UNTIL 1850.



SHOWING THE POET'S PORTMANTEAU ON THE WINDOW-LEDGE: A CORNER OF WORDSWORTH'S BEDROOM AT DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE, WESTMORLAND, WHICH WAS BOUGHT BY SUBSCRIPTION IN 1891.



BOUGHT BY WORDSWORTH IN 1826 AND GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY HIS GRANDSON IN 1935: DORA'S FIELD, RYDAL.



"WORDSWORTH—THE NEW POET-LAUREATE": A PORTRAIT REPRODUCED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 15, 1843.



"ONE BARE DWELLING, ONE ABODE, NO MORE...": BLEA TARN FARM, LANGDALE, REFERRED TO IN WORDSWORTH'S "SOLITARY."

The centenary of William Wordsworth's death falls on April 23, and in connection with this event we illustrate here some of the places intimately connected with the great poet, together with the portrait published in *The Illustrated London News* in 1843, the year in which the Poet-Laureateship was offered to him on the death of Southey. Our report stated: "... He has received, or rather been prevailed upon to accept the appointment; and that it should have been pressed upon him, was as creditable to the minister (Sir Robert Peel) who held the patronage, as was his own humility to the modest poet himself. Here, reader, is his likeness; but you may better commune with his works: they breathe a beautiful atmosphere of genuine poetry—they are chastened, almost hallowed, by gentleness of heart." William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in 1770, the second son of an attorney. His mother died in 1778 and Wordsworth and his elder brother were sent to the grammar-school at Hawkshead. In 1787 Wordsworth went up to

St. John's, Cambridge, and graduated as B.A. without honours in 1791. In 1793 "Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches" were published, and in 1795 he composed a tragedy called "The Borderers" which was offered to Covent Garden in 1797 and rejected. In 1798 "Lyrical Ballads" was published, in which Wordsworth and Coleridge collaborated, although Wordsworth contributed the greater part. In 1799, during a visit to Germany, Wordsworth wrote the beginning of the "Prelude" and the poems to Lucy and, returning home, made an excursion to the lakes, during which he saw Dove Cottage and decided to take it. The second edition of "Lyrical Ballads" was brought out in 1800, and two years later Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson. In 1805 the "Prelude" was completed and in 1808 the poet moved to Allan Bank, a house newly built under Silverhowe, on the way to Easedale. Finally, in 1813, he moved to Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, Westmorland, where he died on April 23, 1850.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

ALL the novels are of interest this week; but "Knight With Armour," by Alfred Duggan (Faber; 12s. 6d.), is the biggest, the least pretentious, and most decidedly the best as far as it goes. Henty would have called it "The Young Crusader"; and it is not unlike a very admirable Henty—a super-Henty—for grown-up people. In other words, the substance is history, the plot a mere device to make it go down. There are few characters, and only one of moment—the human peg; and he is not very subtle, nor yet perhaps as medieval as his surroundings. On the other hand, he does exist; and more, one's heart bleeds for him. There is nothing glamorous about this knight with armour, poor and half-trained and rather dull.

He comes from Bodeham in Sussex—a modest fief, and Roger is not the heir. As a younger son, he has no prospects, and belongs nowhere. And he is a good young man, too scrupulous to seek his bread in the Church, or take to fighting for hire. The summons to the First Crusade is therefore most welcome, and he resolves to "live and die in the East." His father's tenants will provide the money to fit him out; the rest is up to him. With any luck, he may become a rich baron, in lands reconquered from the infidel.

But at the other end, things don't look the same. There are not enough castles to go round, and he has no chance against competition. He is the most average of youths, awkward and home-bred, unskilled in his expensive arms, and the reverse of dashing. And to make things worse, he has scruples. It might be possible to climb, if he broke his oath to the Duke of Normandy, the leader he selected at the start. Few knights would think twice, but to the unsophisticated Roger an oath is sacred. So his pilgrimage is all toil and squalor, humiliation and distress, minor windfalls and sickening calamities. After three years of it, he finds himself much worse off, more hopeless of an "honourable livelihood," than when he set out.

It is the book's great quality and charm that it conceives the business of wearing armour in strictly practical, and largely physical terms: in terms of heat and weight and helplessness and discomfort, and as, in short, the very clumsiest of human inventions. We are sometimes told that Roger, on the battlefield, "had never felt less like fighting"; the wonder is that he could fight at all. His problems of finance and conduct are imagined in the same concrete way, and with the same effect of truth. So are the many battles, and the siege operations. The Crusading spirit is not romanticised, but still less debunked; this writer is both fair and kind. He draws a veil over the worst horrors, and one may think his hero is a shade too respectable. But these, if faults, are both faults on the right side.

"If I Were You," by Julian Green (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), is, alas, a muddle. But it is a tantalising muddle, with the kind of subject I, for one, can't resist. Fabian, a young clerk in a provincial town, has violent and opposed cravings. He aspires to fullness of life; he wants to be a student, and a famous writer, and a Don Juan, rolled into one. And just because he wants so much, he gets nowhere, and bitterly resents his lot. But then the devil steps in. Charmed by such avidity, he offers Fabian the power of becoming anyone, for just as long as he pleases. Thus he will enjoy the freedom of the human race, of all delights and all knowledge. The possibilities are rich; but they are sadly bungled all through. First, there is no extension of experience. Whenever Fabian becomes someone else, he does it outright—in will and intellect, imagination and memory. He has no memory as Fabian, and one may ask in what sense he remains Fabian. At any rate, the bargain is a fraud: for he gets no fun out of it, he has no means of comparison, he is none the wiser. A more naïve exchange, in which his "soul" retained its self-consciousness, would have made a better story.

And this is not a good one, even on its own principles. Fabian's choices are haphazard and uninspired, and lead to nothing but a further change. Finally, because the narrative is on its last legs, the author tries a fresh attack—deserts his hero and begins at the other end, in the household of a sanctimonious old rascal called Uncle Firmin. The Uncle Firmin set-up had the makings of a good novel; here, it seems only an interpolation, since we know that Fabian is due any minute. Still there are traces of the old Julian Green—the Green who used to harrow up our very souls with his accounts of provincial life. But in the realm of fantasy he is a fish out of water.

And so, it seemed to me, is H. E. Bates in "Dear Life" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.). His subject is the aftermath of war—the bombed house, the broken family, the young delinquent, the crime of violence. All these are symbolised in Laura and her brief story. She falls in with a Canadian deserter, who is also a killer, and in a few unreal hours he wafts her from crime to crime. Her part in the affair is little more than sleepwalking; and one may doubt if Clay, the hypnotic outlaw, is much more conscious than herself. This story must be called exquisite; it is a web of sense-impressions, atmosphere and detail as sharp as light, and finer than a spider's web. And that means it is all wrong. If the author were inside it, if he really felt it, exquisite would not be the word. But he is never inside; he is too squeamish and respectful, too much aware of difference. What a writer owes his characters is not respect but a blood transfusion, and Mr. Bates has given no blood to Clay or Laura. Probably his own is not the right type.

"No Curtains for Cora," by Gavin Holt (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), is a cheerful case of murder in repertory. The Fremont Company are just about to open in Bradstowe, with a new play by the owner and producer. Hardly have they settled in when Cora is shot. There is a good old motive, one of those which can apply to suspects unlimited, and it involves nearly the whole cast. But still they get on with the job; and the Inspector, a patient man, gets on with his by sitting through each rehearsal, and trusting they will crack under the strain. It works well, and leads to a dramatic ending on the first night. A pleasant story, with a casual air of good spirits.

CHESS NOTES.

BY BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

RESUMING the close consideration of a recent club game which we started last week, I again suggest that you cover the text which follows with a sheet of paper which you lower line by line and try to find Black's next move whenever I ask "How?"

Black has just played 17. ... B-Kt4 (from KB3).

WHITE (W. RITSON MORRY).



BLACK (B. H. WOOD).

18. Q-B2

He links his rooks by this move but how much less effective is the queen now, groping at a few blocked and Black-controlled squares, than she would have been on Q2!

A pawn up, White wants to exchange off a few pieces; but if only the bishops were left (on unlike-coloured squares!) there would be great probabilities of a draw.

We can now increase Black's dilemma and at the same time reduce White's chance of contesting those black squares. How?

19. R×R

20. R×Rch.

21. Kt-Kt1

White could only have avoided exchanging the second pair of rooks as well as the first by relinquishing or blocking the open file.

Our next move "sticks out a mile." It unmasks our queen, forestalls a check to our king and begins to manoeuvre the knight into a direct attack on the enemy king. How?

18. R×Rch.

R-KB1

K×R

21. Kt-Q2

22. Kt-B3

The problem is, what to do about the attacked bishop. If we simply protect, White exchanges the knight for it, eliminating the "unlike bishops" whose drawing propensities are so notorious. We could retreat it to KR3 or advance it to K6; both moves are too slow and the second impedes our own queen. Retreating anywhere else would give up control of an important black-square diagonal without a fight, and is unthinkable.

No, there is a forcing move which ignores the attack on the bishop and takes over the initiative. How?

22. Q-K6!

That this move defends the bishop is purely incidental, the real point being that it ties down the knight (through the threat, if, for instance, 23. Kt×B, of 23. ... Q-K8ch; 24. B-B1—forced—Q×B mate) and takes control of a whole lot of squares in White's part of the board.

23. P-KR3

Making a "bolt-hole" for the king, White now threatens Kt×B again in earnest. Where is the bishop to go? Only two squares are worth considering. From one of these it sets up all sorts of new threats. How?

23. B-Q1!

24. B-R3 would be fairly good but the future potentialities of the bishop would not be great. From Q1, however, it can re-emerge at QKt3 as a powerful weapon in a direct assault on White's king. Incidentally, 23. ... Q-B8ch; 24. Q×Q, B×Q had to be carefully analysed, if only because it is a forcing line, giving White no choice for several moves. It is ineffective, however; 25. P-Kt3, B-Kt7; 26. P-B4—the bishop is like an overfed cat chasing alert sparrows.

And we are again at the end of our space. We'll move on towards the piquant finale next week (White resigned on move 34).

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HALF-CENTURY PANORAMA.

THESE four books have something in common. Between them they cover—sometimes passing over the same ground—fifty years of our social history. In these three autobiographies and the one biography, you get as good a picture—for it is seen from such varied angles—of the last half-century as you could wish. First, because of its scope and charm, I must place Mr. Shaw Desmond's "The Edwardian Story" (Rockliff; 18s.).

Like the two other writers of autobiographies reviewed, Mr. Desmond was a journalist. Indeed, he is the doyen of the trio, though Sir Philip Gibbs must run him pretty close. As a young Anglo-Irishman of good family he enjoyed himself prodigiously in the period he describes (his book bears the sub-title "The Glory that was England"). This vital youth, according to the intellectual fashion of the day, roared it and ranted it with Keir Hardie and Cunningham-Graham from the plinth of Nelson's Column, adjuring the "downtrodden masses" to cast off their chains and sang (a little self-consciously perhaps?) that "The people's flag is deepest red," to ungrateful audiences that refused to recognise that they were downtrodden. But in the manner of the "Philippe Egalités" of every generation and country, he contrived to enjoy the wicked system against which he fulminated to the full. His story starts with the death of Queen Victoria, and covers the whole of the transition period, the brilliant curtain-raiser to the black tragedy of World War I., the age of Edward VII. There is so much in it to attract and recommend that it is difficult to know where to begin. Do you want a picture of the "City" in the days when the Barnatos, the fabulous Ernest Terah Hooley were sweeping all before them? (Hooley, who stayed at Sandringham with King Edward, and gave a present of gold Communion plate to St. Paul's, landed a three-year sentence in Pentonville, where another lion who came unstuck, Horatio Bottomley, finding him weeding, muttered: "Still on the Turf, Hooley—still on the Turf"! The picture is here, painted by one who was at the time the "youngest company director in the City.") It is the same with the great journalists and writers in the age when young Alfred Harmsworth was revolutionising journalism and Kipling and Shaw, the one almost deified by, the second shocking, the middle classes, were at their zenith of popularity and notoriety.

But it is perhaps as a painter of the great Edwardian social scene that Mr. Desmond principally attracts. To him and his contemporaries our modern world must seem almost incredible. It is difficult to believe that less than fifty years before what he calls "the alimony anacondas of our ferocious day," it was solemnly laid down in a book of etiquette: "The action for breach of promise of marriage belongs entirely to the humbler classes of the community. . . . Socially, it is a dead letter for all but the ladies of the dramatic profession and the lower classes." As Mr. Desmond truly remarks: "That last line is magnificent." A treasure of a book.

Less full and, indeed, distinctly scappier, is Sir Philip Gibbs' "Crowded Company" (Allan Wingate; 15s.). But here again under the wing of this distinguished journalist we traverse the last half-century agreeably (not the least agreeable aspect of the book being the author's own illustrations). This is a somewhat different world—a world of Chelsea and Ebury Street in the days when Sir Philip was a young writer, of the Queen's Restaurant rather than Londonderry House. And very pleasant it all is—though Sir Philip's constant sense of the agony, frustration and waste of two great wars breaks through his urbanity.

Mr. Francis Toye's "For What We Have Received" (Heinemann; 16s.) is a delightful self-portrait by a man of many friends. He has been so many things—aspirant for the Foreign Office (who startled that august institution by resigning his student interpretership at Cambridge in order to become a singer—and repaying the money spent on him by H.M. Government), a brief (and as he admits) slightly farcical period of service in World War I. in the Secret Service under the famous "C," an Admiralty censor, a publisher (for six months—three months longer than the censorship), a music critic and a journalist, the stimulator of Italian opera in this country, part proprietor of Boulestin's Restaurant, and finally the British Council. Mr. Toye likes so many of the things (and so many of the people) I like, that I must search around for a criticism, lest I should be accused of bias. My criticism is . . . but I should have to re-read the book to ferret one out. And I do not intend to do so—for at least six months.

I must lean over backwards the other way in appraising Julian Symons' book on his brother, "A. J. A. Symons—His Life and Speculations" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.). For I must confess that "A. J." was not at all to my taste. I thought him a poseur and an egregious snob. (His brother confirms this by pointing out that his delight in being included in "Who's Who" was marred by the necessity of revealing his Christian names, and that later "he jettisoned the offensive 'Alphonse' in his 'Who's Who' entry, substituting the romantic 'Alroy,' a name at once suitably patrician and possessed of a respectable literary parentage in one of Disraeli's heroes.") I thought little of the "knowledge" of wine which he paraded at the Wine and Food Society. And yet—he wrote one first-class book "The Quest for Corvo," which I still re-read with admiring, if grudging, pleasure. Moreover, in this post-war age of increasing drabness and mediocrity his undoubted originality, even his studied flamboyance, would have been a welcome relief. Mr. Julian Symons' honest and interesting biography of his brother should be read by anyone who wants

a picture of a section of literary and intellectual society between the wars.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

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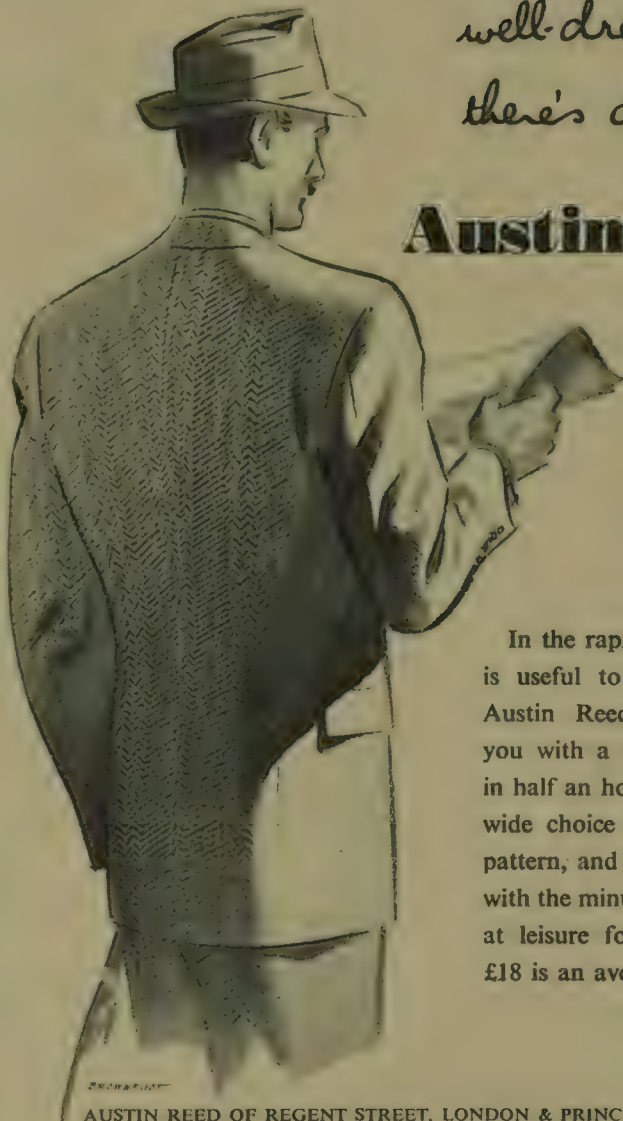
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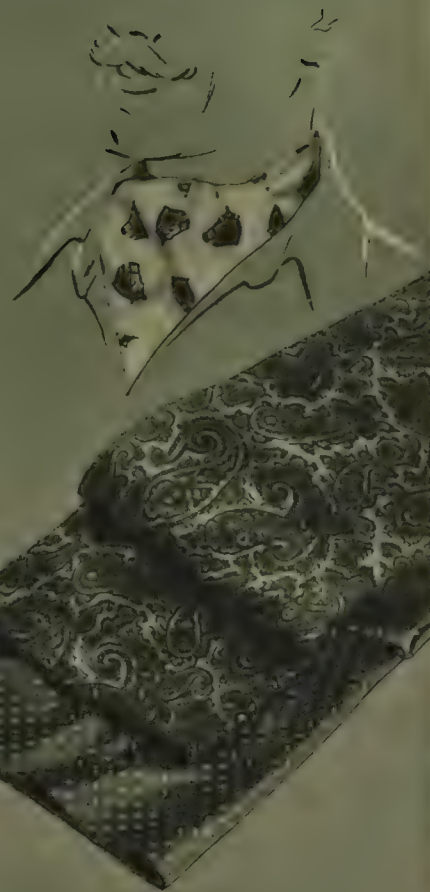


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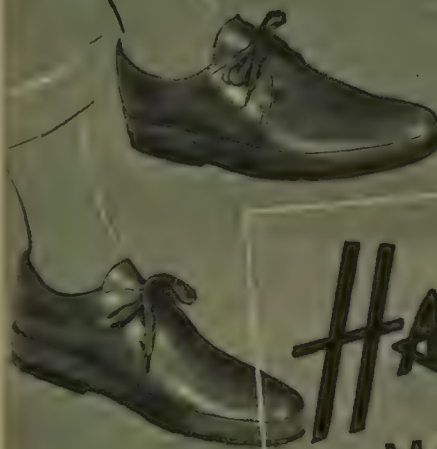
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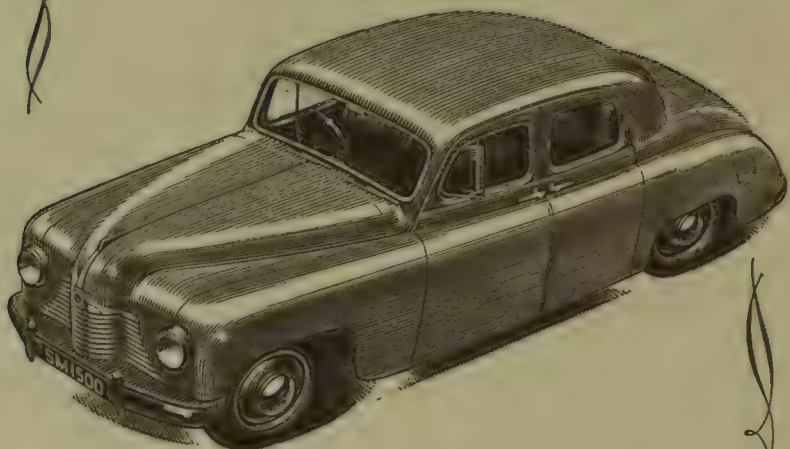


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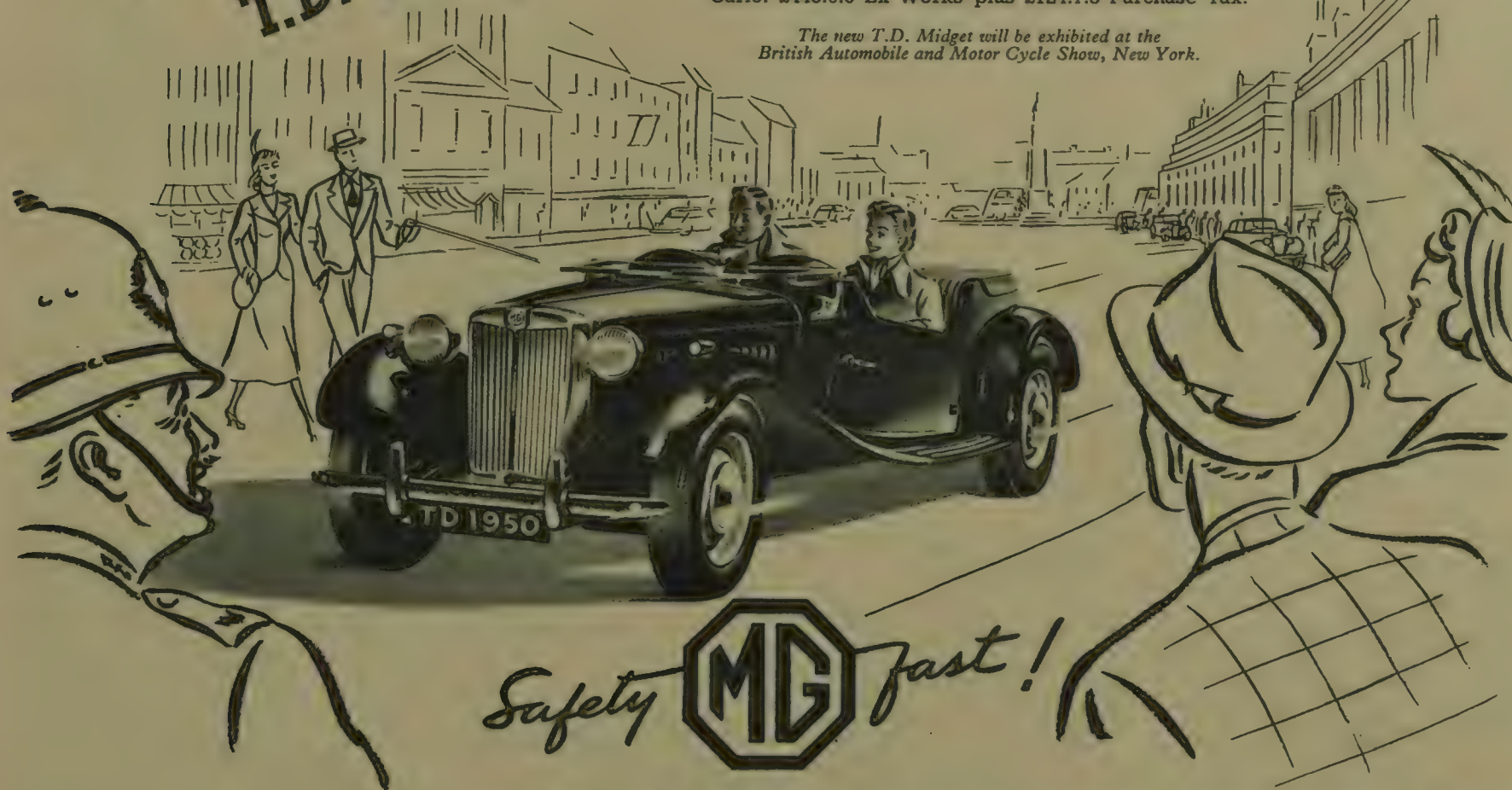
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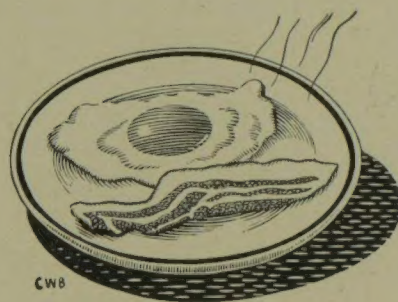


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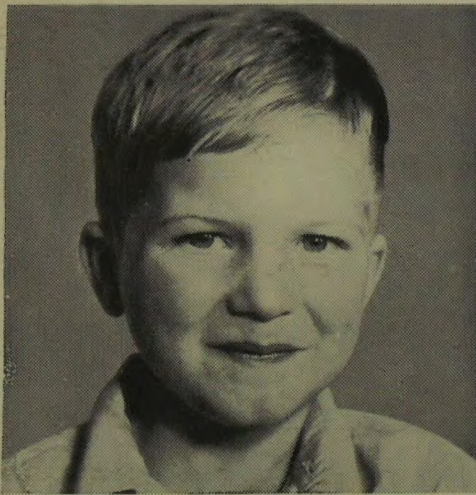
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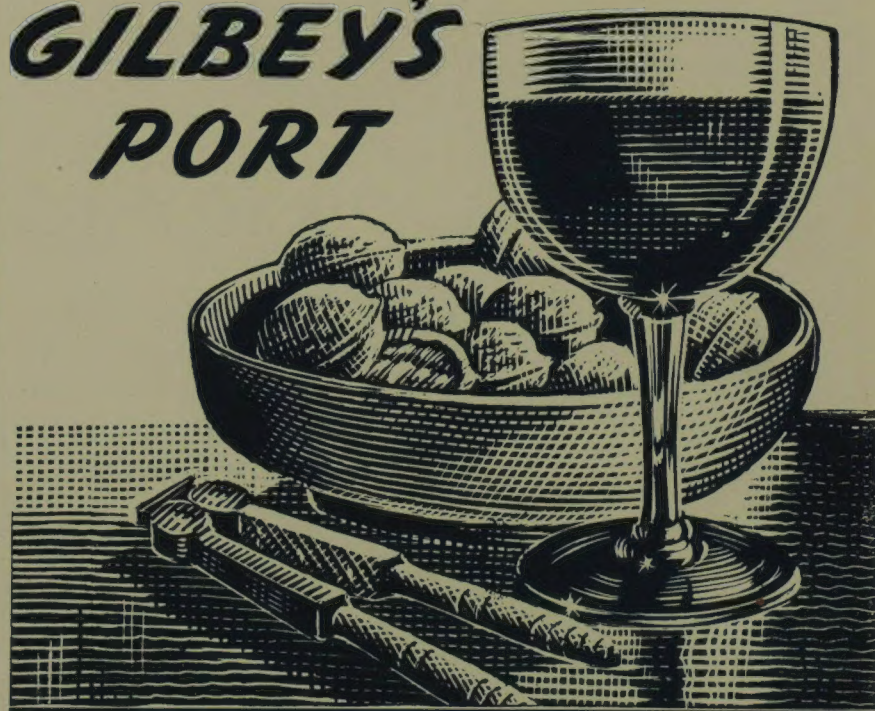
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